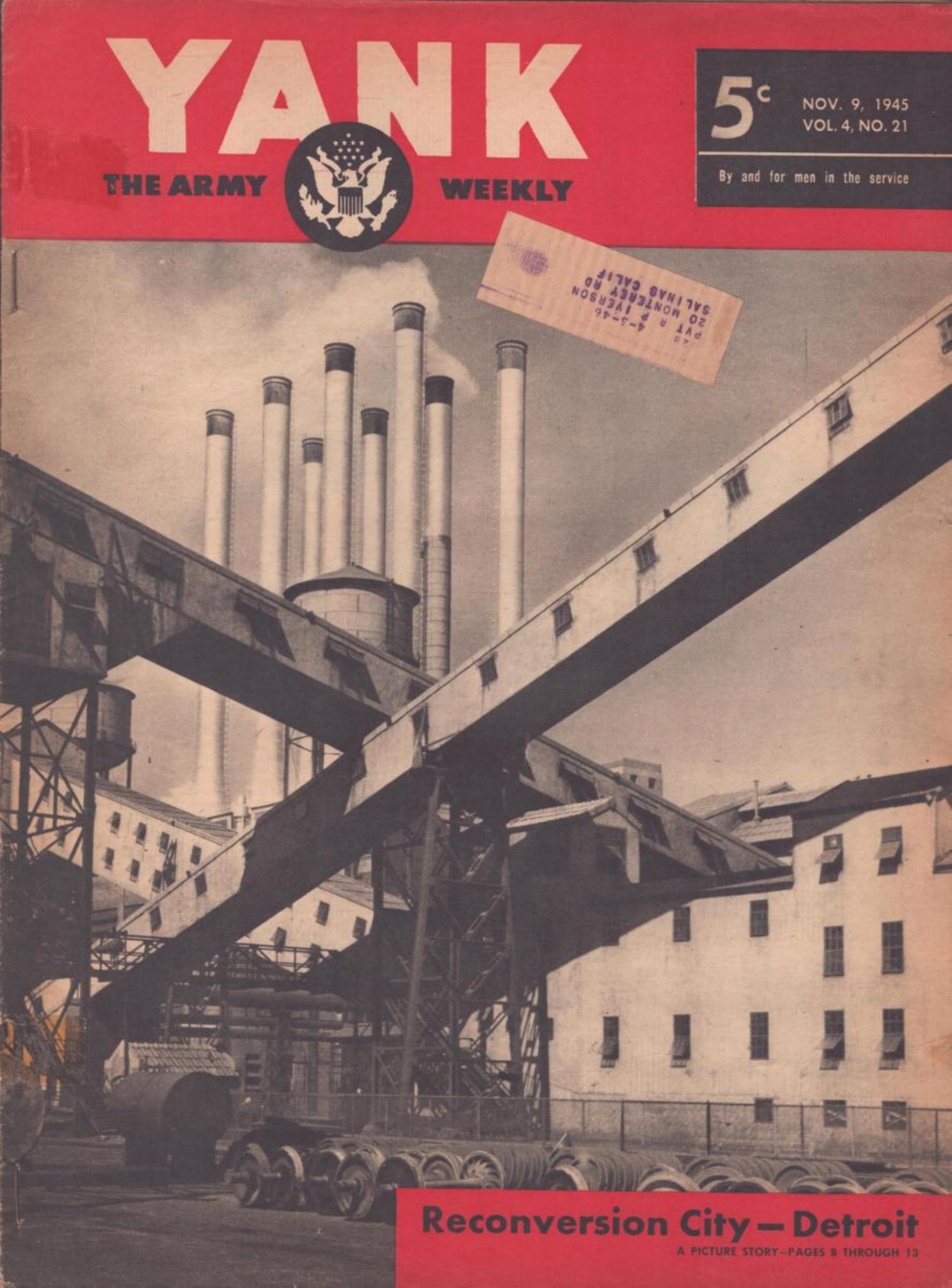
YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5c NOV. 9, 1945
VOL. 4, NO. 21

By and for men in the service



Reconversion City — Detroit

A PICTURE STORY—PAGES 8 THROUGH 13

It's a tough job getting over a point in Japanese, with or without a language book, as this GI is proving.

By Sgt. KNOX BURGER
YANK Staff Correspondent

TOKYO—The American Army of Occupation in Japan isn't complaining because it has too much work to do. So far, Japanese soldiers and civilians have obeyed our orders to the letter. Things are going so well that it's getting monotonous.

Most GIs in Japan don't have any trouble, either, observing the rather vague and varying nonfraternization rules of their respective commanders. The Japanese language, unlike German, French and Italian, is impossible to learn quickly. The average Japanese girl is unapproachable and practically never on the make. The average Japanese home has nothing to attract an American. Big Japanese cities after the first look are uninteresting; their shops, restaurants and theaters are mostly destroyed, and the sight of the vast stretches of industrial and residential districts burned flat by our incendiaries gets more depressing the more you see of it. Except for organized athletics and GI movies, the American soldier has no recreation other than what he finds in *geisha* houses.

The actual work of reconverting the country from a wartime to a peacetime basis is being done by the Japanese and, as S/Sgt. Howard Keough of New York put it, "The American troops are merely standing at their side watching to make sure they don't fool around." Keough, a husky paratrooper in the 11th Airborne Division, is an S-2 noncom stationed with his battalion in a huge but flimsy Jap barracks near the ruined city of Sendai, about 200 miles up the coast from Tokyo.

"We don't have any trouble here," Keough said. "I've got Jap carpenters building me an S-2 office. They're hard workers and very obliging. We send out patrols to see what's going on in the terrain our regiment has been assigned to. Native cops in Sendai guard some of the abandoned warehouses, and we guard others. There isn't much left in Sendai to guard, because the town caught hell from our B-29s. We've got an indoor gym and theater, where they show middle-aged movies three or four times per week. One of our guys spends his spare time taking his pet monkey up on the barracks' roof, attaching a Jap flare parachute on his back and letting him float down to the ground."

The Japanese in the neighborhood, known among GIs as "gooks," the GI name for all natives in the Pacific, go about their business paying no attention to the Americans.

"They're completely submissive," Keough said. "They're taking it better than we ever could. In fact, they're taking it better than any other country could. They're the queerest people I've ever seen."

The kids in the Tokyo-Yokohama area wave and make the V sign with their fingers when American trucks drive by, but in Sendai they just stare. The line men in the 11th Airborne never give them a chance to get friendly.

"A lot of these Japs think American paratroopers drink blood and kill their own mothers," Keough said. "When we first visited these places the women and children would really take off. Some of them still don't trust us—just like lots of us don't trust them—but most of them realize now we're not going to pull any raw deals."

The 11th Airborne Division, like the 1st Cavalry Division in Yokohama, is patched with replacements. Veterans like Keough in the 60- and 70-point bracket are merely marking time, waiting to go home. The low-point men who will do most of the occupying are not too dissatisfied. At least, they say, this is one campaign they are fairly sure of coming out of alive. Some of them, like Pfc. Robert Eberly of Chicago, say, "Why bother keeping 200,000 men sitting here when we have an atomic bomb?" But the majority opinion is that expressed by Pfc. John Lochead of Brooklyn: "I think we ought to keep a large occupation force here just as long as it ain't me."

"It's hard to get sore at these Japs," said Lochead, who joined the 11th Airborne in the Philippines. "They keep busy and work for you and stay out of your way. You hear about atrocities but you don't seem to meet the kind of people who commit them. All you meet is these mouldy-looking characters in the street. Somebody ought to be punished, but who the hell are you going to pick out?"

One platoon in the 11th Airborne is unanimously peeved at their lieutenant because he shook hands with a Japanese officer in charge of an Army post near Fujisawa. "He didn't just use one hand," one BAR man said. "He used them both."

"And something ought to be done about these Jap schools," said another man. "They have the kids doing close-order drill during the recess periods—*hut! hut! hut! hut!* They're better at it than we are."

* * * * * * *

THE train takes a bad 10 hours from Sendai to Tokyo. Today the last three cars carried 75 American officers, ranging from colonels to warrant officers, junior grade, and four EM. They were going home. Somebody passed out bottles of liquor, one to every five people.

Sitting across the aisle from the EM was a captain, who got a little high and started to discuss in a loud voice the relative merits of the Japanese and Filipino women. A lieutenant colonel came over and said something to him and he quieted down.

A Negro warrant officer walked down the aisle and announced, "Club car forward." Somebody laughed.

The major pretended to be hawking newspapers and chewing gum. Everybody laughed.

As the train pulled into the station, the Americans threw sugar and candy from their K-rations to the kids on the platform. A couple of girls in their 'teens looked at the Americans and then

Occupation Notes

Some GIs in Japan find it easy to forget there ever was a war on, but others are still suspicious of the so studiously well-mannered enemy.

put their heads together and giggled like drug-store cowgirls back home.

"A Jap, a pretty intelligent fellow I was talking to, told me that we are very attractive to them," one of the officers said. The way he said it you couldn't tell whether he meant attractive because of physique or attractive because of being officers.

* * * * * * *

THE 1303d Engineer Regiment in Tokyo marks its vehicles with a battle-starred ribbon. The outfit went into France a few weeks after the Normandy invasion and moved across Europe with the Third Army, building bridges.

"I don't know what they sent us here for," said S/Sgt. Robert McGurrin of New York. "We were in France putting up prefabs. The next thing we knew we were shipping out of Marseilles for Manila by way of the Panama Canal. Then they sent us to Tokyo from Manila to build headquarters for MacArthur. They thought then there wouldn't be any suitable buildings left standing in Tokyo. Before we got on the ship they found plenty of good buildings here, but they sent us anyway to build a complete prefabricated hospital. Now they find there's no need for the hospital either."

The men in the 1303d live in rooms under a huge stadium in Tokyo originally planned for the 1940 Olympic games. The 1303d staged a gala track meet in the stadium the first week they were there. They've also fixed up an indoor swimming pool. The only men in the outfit doing any work are the truck drivers and loading men who are still bringing parts of the unwanted hospital ashore. The outfit is way under strength because of loss of high-point men, and the drivers are working in 12-hour shifts.

"The Heinies we met in Europe were clean and civilized—it was like being in the States," said McGurrin. "The girls were buxom and well dressed, and you could get along with the language. The people here in Japan are hard to get to know. Japanese whisky and beer, when we can get hold of it, is better than *calvados* and that other stuff we drank in France and Germany, but these people, my God! You look at them and find it hard to think they were capable of all this stuff you read about, and yet you know they did it. It was the same way with the Germans.

"We get a kick out of these Jap kids bowing and saluting. Kids are the same the world over. You can't get sore at any of them."

Some of the men in an outfit which is behind in its pay have sold cigarettes on the black market. The cigarettes bring the equivalent of $2, and a stiff court martial if you're caught. During the first two weeks of the occupation you could see little groups of Japs gathered around GIs at any street corner trying to buy cigarettes. As in all outfits in Japan, high-point men in the 1303d are, however, watching their step closely. "This would be one hell of a time to screw up," said one man, who's expecting to be home for Christmas.

"You know," he said, "they're all glad to see the Americans. And I've seen the French, the Germans and the Filipinos, and now the Japs. Wherever we show up it means the war's over for them. Sometimes I think half the people we see are laughing at us. 'Hello, suckers,' they seem to say. You begin to wonder what it's all about. You keep moving and you liberate one country after another and still you don't get liberated yourself."

* * * * * * *

THE noise started about 5:30 in the morning. Some of the Japanese in the neighborhood were already up. They came outdoors in kimonos or peered nervously over toward the barracks.

There were some American soldiers on the roof of the barracks. Lots of others were hanging out third- and fourth-story windows, yelling, "Stop!" The men on the roof were firing a Jap gun and waving to the men who were getting into the trucks on the broad driveway below. You could hear the shouting a half mile away.

"Be good," said the men in the windows. "See you Christmas," they shouted. "Hoist one for me!"

Then the trucks pulled away, carrying the men to the docks and the boat for home.

* * * * * * *

T-5 John J. Moriarty of Buffalo, N. Y., is an information clerk stationed in the lobby of Tokyo's Dai Iti Building, a big insurance office, virtually undamaged by incendiary raids, which now serves as MacArthur's GHQ. On Moriarty's desk there are maps, telephone directories and long lists of who's who among the American brass in Japan. He has to handle sightseers who want to know whether MacArthur is in or out of the building, and he directs to their outfits officers and GIs who've been lost in the shuffle. One of his jobs is to see to it that the elevator is always ready and waiting when the Supreme Commander walks in the door.

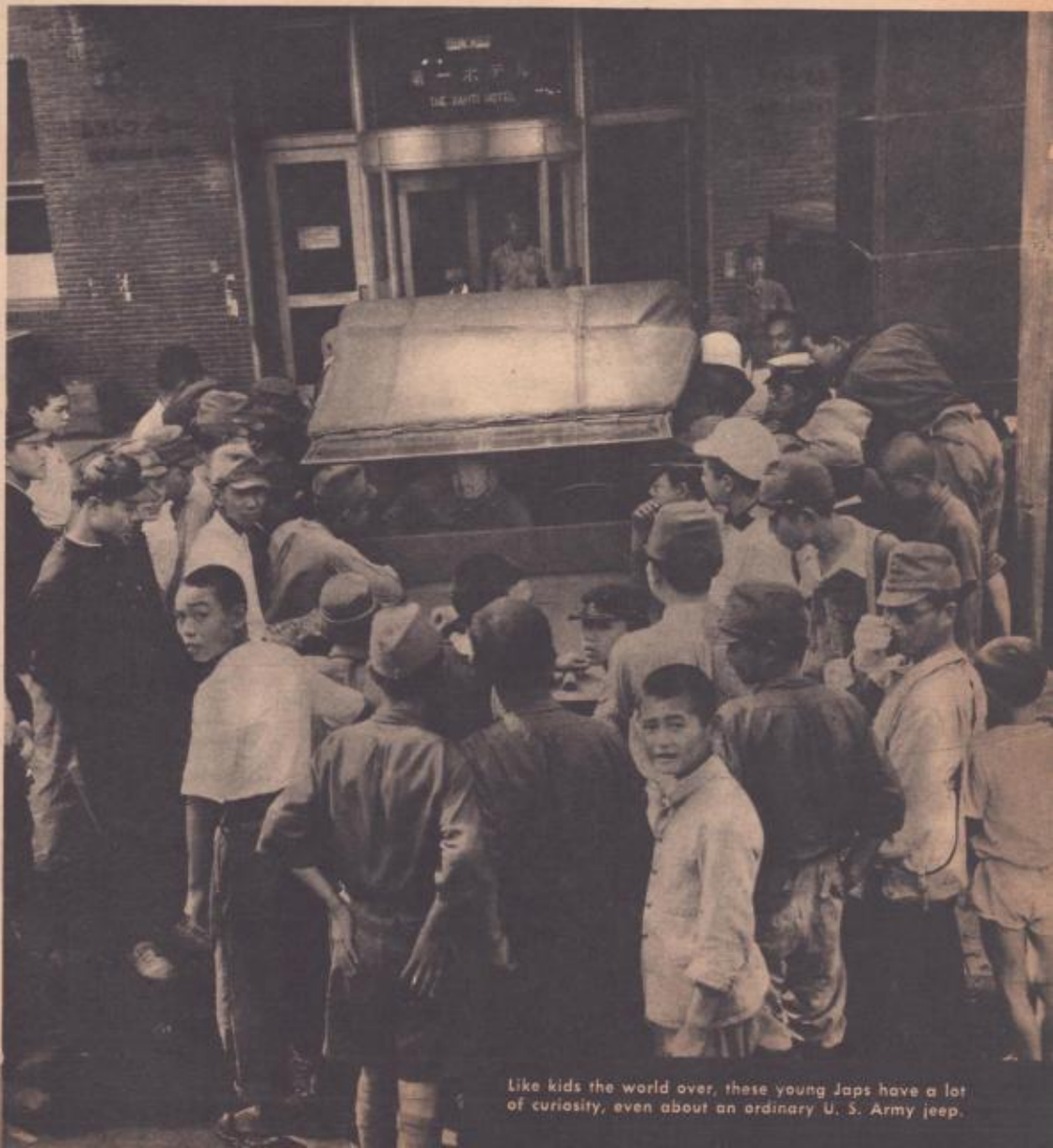
Moriarty also has to deal with the Japs who are always coming in with souvenirs and foodstuffs for the general or his wife.

"The poorer classes seem to look on us as liberators," says Moriarty. "They're usually the ones who come in with information about war criminals or complaints about grafting Jap cops. They say we are being too easy on such people. Most of the Japs who come in here are too damn polite for my money. I think we should take some of these strict wartime rules about how to act off their backs. They shouldn't be told by their own officials what they can and can't do."

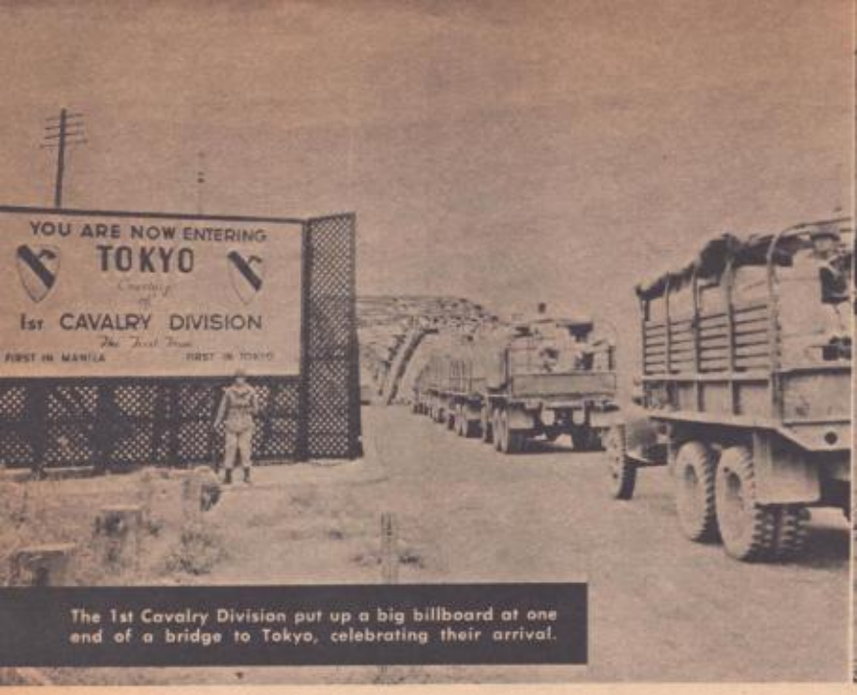
The Japs that really annoy Moriarty are the ones who tell him in perfect English that they can't speak English. Generally speaking, he thinks, the occupation is going all right.

"We came into Japan knowing what we were going to do," he says, "and we are doing it."

Moriarty and the other GI white-collar work-



Like kids the world over, these young Japs have a lot of curiosity, even about an ordinary U. S. Army jeep.



The 1st Cavalry Division put up a big billboard at one end of a bridge to Tokyo, celebrating their arrival.

It's not a busy day in Tokyo but there are two cops on hand to direct sparse traffic—a Jap and a Yank MP.

ers in Tokyo are billeted in the huge Finance Ministry building. For recreation they can go to movies which are shown there every night, or they can take a subway ride to *geisha* houses. If he's working the day shift, Moriarty gets through at four and goes down to the GI beer hall on the Ginza which is open for two hours each day. If he's lucky enough to get hold of a beer ticket in advance he doesn't have to sweat out the long line. The beer hall is always a rat race.

* * * * * * *

THERE is a mammoth billboard at one end of the bridge which separates Tokyo from Yokohama. It says that you are entering Tokyo through courtesy of the 1st Cavalry Division. There's an MP check point under the sign where GIs driving Army vehicles have to stop and produce trip tickets. When the drivers stop, they notice another sign chalked in crude letters on a board propped up beside the bridge.

"This is the Americal Division," it says on the small board. "Don't blame us for the sign."

A jeep barreled up to the check point, and the MP walked over to it. He told the driver he couldn't cross the bridge, not with that woman. The driver turned to the Japanese girl in the bright kimono who was sitting beside him.

"Well, baby," the GI said, "looks like I'm gonna have to take you back to that *geisha* house."

The girl smiled a little, the way people do when they don't understand what's being said. The MP checked the jeep's number. He said that the Americal Division was mising 26 jeeps.

"That's tough stuff, ain't it?" said the driver, and he drove off.

* * * * * * * *

IN an unbombed town about 30 miles outside Tokyo there's a squad of seven American soldiers. They stay in town to prevent trouble between townspeople and sightseeing Americans from nearby replacement depots. They live in back of the police station and work more or less with the town cops. The seven GIs don't have anything to do with the local population officially. The job has turned into a pretty good deal, much better than what they had in the Solomons and in the Philippines.

"We cook our own rations," said S/Sgt. Leland Powless of Oneida, Wis., NCO in charge. "If we had better eats we'd really have a racket."

They even had a dance the other night. One of the boys was playing the harmonica and the local police chief happened to drop in with his daughter and some of her friends. The GIs laugh when they talk about teaching the girls to fox trot and jitterbug.

After they got used to the seven Americans, the townspeople began bowing to them on the street. Now they bring them gifts and do their laundry. The townspeople regard the sightseeing soldiers from the replacement depot with the tolerance that natives show toward tourists, but they take a proprietary interest in the seven men who live in the town. One of the men thinks this may be because they carry guns and the tourists don't.

The streets are patrolled by two men at a time working two-hour shifts, watching for looting or other American misbehavior and kicking all GIs out of town at 2000 hours. So far, there has been no serious trouble.

Powless declared: "This is a pleasant surprise, because the Japs expected worse treatment and we expected a worse reception."

Pfc. Richard Shively of Wabash, Ind., one of the men in the squad who doesn't have many points, is reconciled to sticking around for a while.

"The guys with the big mouths—the tough guys—are the only ones who still talk about shooting the Japs on sight," he said. "When I walk down the street I'd just as soon make friends with the people instead of trying to do it any other way. You can't get by any other way for long."

Shively wishes there were movies in town and more beer, but he feels the experience of being stationed like this in a little outpost is a good one.

"It grows you up as far as taking responsibility and all that," he said.

* * * * * * *

IT was dusk and the two men were sitting on a ridge looking out over a grove of pine trees. Stretched out below the pine trees were some rice paddies, and off in the distance was a rolling range of mountains getting blue as the sky darkened. It was cold.

One of the men said this was the kind of weather they'd be having at this time of year in Pennsylvania. The other man looked at the slim, straight pine trees. They reminded him of New Hampshire.

"You blur your eyes a little and you're home," he said.

A train whistle hooted down in the valley. The sound rose and fell lonesomely.

"Gahdam, that gets me," said one man.

"Yeah, it's been a long time since I heard one of them," said the other. "I guess train whistles sound the same the world over."

* * * * * * * *

PVT. John Liberatore of Cleveland, Ohio, is in a way symbolic of all the occupation troops. He stands around waiting for something to happen. He is a guard at the entrance to the American Embassy in Tokyo. The duty is strictly garrison. He works two hours on and four off for 24 hours, and then gets 24 hours off.

When the spotter in the upstairs window sees that big Cadillac coming up the street he hollers, "Five stars coming!" and Liberatore snaps to. The rest of the time he stands at parade rest and watches the Japs who trudge past the Embassy gate.

* * * * * * * *

"WHEN I came here I didn't trust them any further than you could throw this building," said S/Sgt. Jack Todd of Crawfordsville, Ind. The building where Todd's outfit lives used to be the Imperial Guards' barracks, and it's solid. Todd has been leading small patrols around the outskirts of Tokyo, investigating certain buildings and areas.

"I still wouldn't trust them, if they get back on their own. As long as we are here they'll probably stay in line. The other day a Jap showed me 21 rifles in a storeroom. I put two men on guard in the room and went out and got the lieutenant. When we came back, the Jap took us back into another room and showed us 27 more. He knew they were there all the time. But he got scared when he saw we meant business. That was in a wheel factory. Almost every factory I've been in has been a small arsenal."

Todd estimates that 25 percent of the factories he has seen are capable of production, but he's deeply impressed by the extent of the bomb damage in Tokyo.

"I figure these Jap industrialists would like to start the war again, because they can make more money on rifles than they can on automobiles," he says. "I suppose these replacements of ours who never saw combat will make friends with them. But the guys who saw combat will never trust them. I know I won't."

* * * * * * * *

IT was after midnight and the lights had just gone out. Somebody moved in his bunk restlessly.

"Damn fleas," he said.

There was a short pause and then someone else said: "Feed 'em, they're hungry." It was very dark. The voices sounded detached and impersonal and seemed to echo in the large room.

"Remember the last time we heard that?"

"Yeah, Purple Heart Hill. That BAR man running up shooting.

"'Feed 'em, they're hungry!' he was yelling."

There was a pause.

"What was that kid's name?"

"I don't know. Some foreign-sounding name. Was he French?"

"Was that the kid who was killed Christmas Day?" It was a new voice. The talk of men lying on their backs has a heavy, deliberate quality. The words come slowly.

"No, I don't think he was killed at all. It was the kid with the red hair with the wave in front and he was always careful when he combed it."

"I remember."

"Remember the guys going up that hill being pushed from behind and yelling? Boy, that was a bitch."

A match flared and there was the glow of a cigarette.

"That was the place where the Japs yelled, 'Come and get us, you souvenir-hunting sons of bitches!'"

"No, that was in the potato patch the day before."

"What the hell was the name of that kid with the BAR? He was in E Company."

"Feed 'em, they're hungry," said somebody in a deep, mocking voice.

They kept on talking in meditative phrases, trying to remember the name of the kid who had led the way up the hill, discussing various men who had been killed, recalling the rain that had fallen for six weeks and the mail that had come just before they went up. The memory of the war, that little war they had just fought so bitterly on the hillside almost a year ago, was getting rusty.

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Information & Education Division, War Department, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

ENGLISH. "I love Yanks," says Pamela Atkins, "particularly the bloke I married. But I think I'll have my Limey accent back again before I get to tha States."

POLYNESIAN. "Much much good," says Polly Gumbo. "I go with fella him in gas-wagon pool. Him drive a hard bargain. If all Yank fellas like him, I chew gum all day."

GERMAN. "Like I'm saying to Hymie—that's my Yank boy friends," says Brunhilde Fleigenheimer, "the other night down in back of the old Crematorium where we always meet, 'I hope you keep us a long while yet occupied.'"

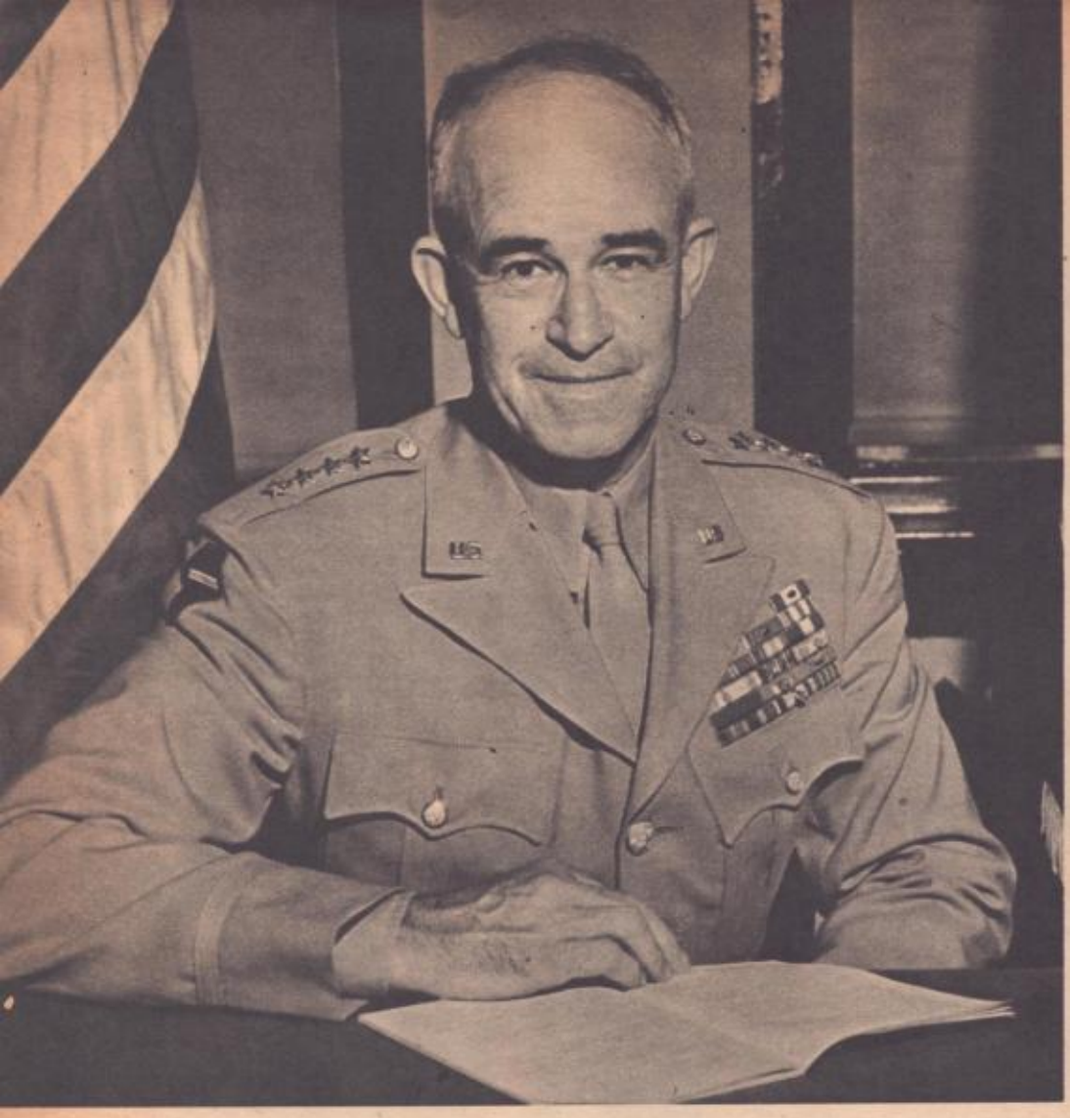
what do you really think of the American Soldier?

YANK's inquiring cornographer, Sgt. Tom Flannery, asked this question of six young ladies of varied nationality, all of whom he met strictly in dreamland.

AMERICAN. Mrs. Joe Rappaport says, "Da bum!"

USO CAMP SHOWS. Glamorous Dawn Schmaltz says, "Average GI? What's that?"

JAPANESE. "It took while get used to change from Banzai charge to sneak attack," says Rose Horito. "Velly good."



Omar H. Bradley

PEOPLE ON THE HOME FRONT

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, D. C.—There are some generals who look the part—Generals MacArthur and Patton, for example. Any Hollywood director would consider them well cast. A Hollywood casting office, however, would probably shake its head over Omar N. Bradley; the new Veterans Administrator looks more like a small-town Sunday School teacher than a general.

General Bradley usually wears steel-rimmed spectacles with thick lenses, and he speaks softly—so softly that, in casual conversation, you frequently have to strain to hear what he is saying. His speech is not marked by colorful bombast. He uses words like "reckon" and "yonder" and "maybe," and the last comes out "mebbe."

This mildness of manner frequently fools people. When Bradley was appointed to his new job by President Truman, one columnist wrote: "Bradley is unquestionably a man of high integrity and earnestness, but it is doubtful if he has quite the drive to carry through what is probably the second or third most important public job in the country."

Some correspondents said much the same thing when Bradley became commander of the II Corps in North Africa. But it wasn't long before they revised their opinion. As Ernie Pyle, one of his earliest and most enthusiastic admirers, wrote: "Despite his mildness, the general is not what you would call easy-going. Nobody ever runs him. He is as resolved as a rock, and people who work with him must produce or get out. They don't get the traditional Army bawling-out from him, but they get the gate."

The general was born in Missouri, not far from President Truman's home town of Independence, and, like the President, he plays a good game of poker—for reasonably small stakes, his friends say. He and Gen. Eisenhower were both members of the class of 1915 at West Point. Bradley was only a second-string football player, but in baseball he set a still-unbroken record with the longest throw ever made at the Point.

Like Eisenhower, Bradley trained troops in the States during the first World War. He says ruefully, "I spent the next 25 years apologizing for not getting overseas." In January 1941, Bradley, who now wears four stars, was a lieutenant colonel; the following February he became the first brigadier of his class when Gen. Marshall put him at the head of what was then called the "Benning School for Boys" in Georgia.

SHORTLY after the battle of Kasserine Pass, Eisenhower called Bradley, then CO of the 82d Division, to Tunisia to command the II Corps. Almost immediately after he took over, Bradley moved the entire corps to northern Tunisia, where his troops caught the enemy off guard and, in a series of bloody engagements of which that for Hill 609 is perhaps the most famous, routed the *Afrika Korps*. After North Africa, Bradley moved on to Sicily. On the Continent, as CO of the 12th Army Group, Bradley commanded the First, Third and Ninth Armies and, toward the war's end, the Fifteenth.

He was commander of the 12th Army Group until after VE-Day and was Marshal Gregory Zhukov's guest at the reception the Russians gave near the Elbe River, where the Soviet and U.S. troops had met. His aides found themselves worrying about the quantities of vodka which Bradley, as guest of honor, was almost duty-bound to drink, bottoms up. Bradley is not a drinking man, but he held his own. After the first six vodkas, neither he nor his aides could keep count of the number he downed.

When Bradley took over his new and still bigger job with the Veterans Administration last August, the organization was under fire in a number of newspapers and in Congress. The VA, which will eventually handle the problems of 20,000,000 veterans of this and earlier wars, was allegedly stymied by red tape. Its hospitals were said to be understaffed, overcrowded and generally inferior to Army hospitals; its branch offices too few and too scattered.

Asked, soon after his appointment, what he planned to do about the newspaper and Congressional charges, Bradley simply said: "I have not been here long enough to see exactly what conditions are, but I certainly will see that the service given by the Veterans' Administration is improved. It will never be good enough."

Within a month, changes began. The general called for the establishment of 13 branch offices—in Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dallas, Denver, Minneapolis, New York City, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle and Washington. He ruled that the branches should have complete control over all insurance and death claims, which formerly had had to be channeled through the top organization in Washington. To meet the shortage of doctors, he decided to tie in VA hospitals with medical schools all over the country. The medical and vocational divisions, formerly the VA's poor relations, are to have equal rank with the other departments.

Bradley doesn't boast about what he is doing. "Don't get the idea," he says, "that we think this plan will perform a miracle or get things done right away. But we hope it will bring a definite improvement in the work of the Veterans Administration."

In North Africa and Sicily and part of the time in Europe, the general lived and worked in an Army truck remodeled so that it vaguely resembled a tourist trailer. According to Ernie Pyle, he didn't bring along a single dress uniform. Now, of course, the general is in a dress uniform all the time; he has a permanent home in Washington, and his luxurious office has an impressive, thick blue carpet.

But the general seems the same—still the man who, because he never worried about whether his troops were in proper uniform so long as they won battles, became known in Europe as the "doughboy's general."

HIS success or failure in his new assignment will affect every veteran, present and future. The VA administers the GI Bill of Rights; it oversees GI insurance; it operates scores of veterans' hospitals; it handles compensation for the disabled and pensions for veterans' orphans and widows. It is the biggest single agency in the Federal Government. But the general declines to let himself be overwhelmed by the size of the detail he's been put on.

"Running an Infantry company or an Army group and running an organization like this one aren't very different," he says. "This is bigger, of course, but here, as in an Army group, the main thing is to find out what the problems are and then solve them."

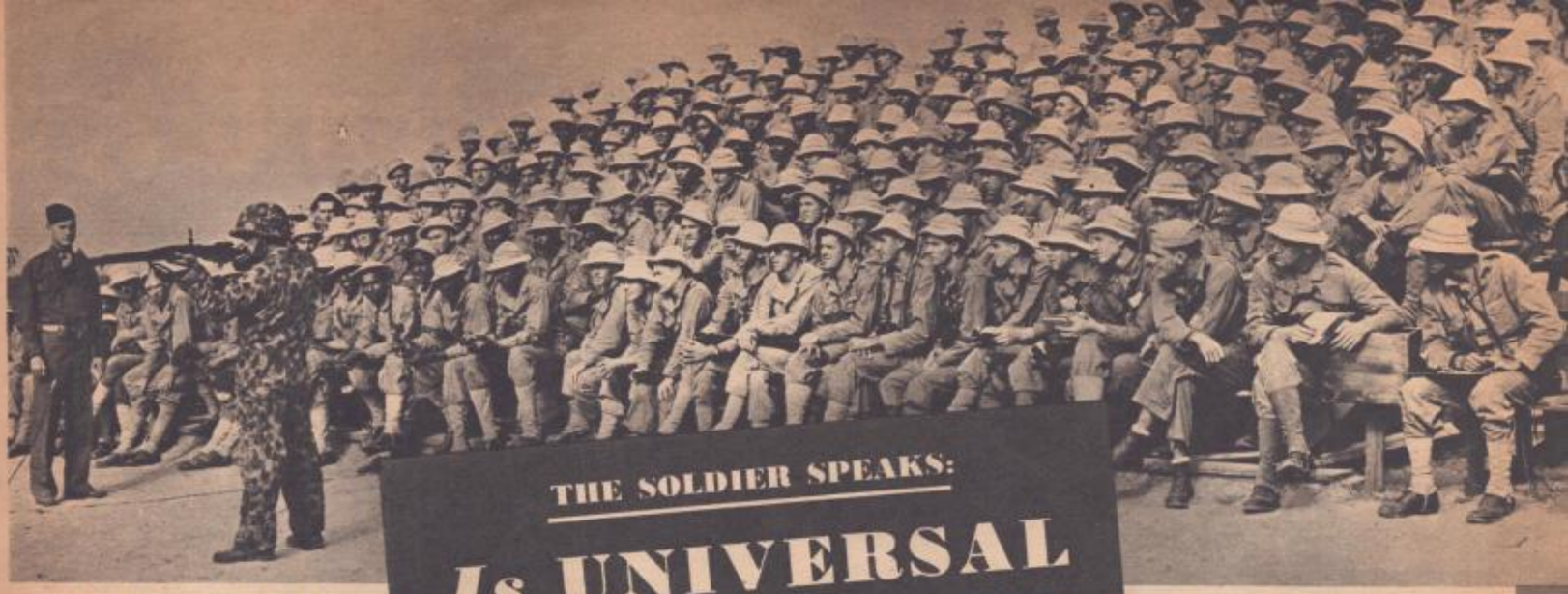
As for the veterans he'll have so much to do with, the general thinks "their main problem is getting back home and back to work so they can assume their responsibility to the nation as civilians rather than soldiers."

Gen. Bradley doesn't believe, as some civilians apparently do, that the veterans are going to be national problem children. "Except for an important minority who suffered injuries during the war, the greatest percentage will be much better off physically and mentally than when they went away," he maintains. "And what's more, the veterans will be able to take better jobs—and do them well."

He favors, he says, some kind of full employment program: "This country must find a way to avoid depressions. What specific legislation is necessary I do not, at this moment, know."

Don't get the idea that Bradley is a Pollyanna in uniform. "After soldiers are discharged from the Army," he says, "they must help keep this nation one of the great democratic countries of the world and help maintain the things for which we fought.

"And that," he concludes, smiling, "will not be easy."



THE SOLDIER SPEAKS:

Is UNIVERSAL CONSCRIPTION consistent with WORLD PEACE?

Goldbricks No Help

I TAKE it that universal conscription means one year of military training. I spent two years "training" in Georgia. Since then I have been through Africa, Sicily, England, France, Belgium, Holland and Germany, and I have learned that what they taught you in the States wasn't worth a darn here.

We got months of close-order drill and then forgot about it. We got weeks of who is supposed to pass whose gun to whom at the order of "stack arms," and in combat you don't stack arms. I drove trucks in civilian life for years, yet I listened for hours to someone telling me the proper position of your hands on the steering wheel, how to let the clutch in easy, etc.

I was told that as a private I was not supposed to think, just do as ordered. Over here, a man that didn't think wasn't worth a damn.

A peacetime army kills initiative and mainly teaches a man how to goldbrick. I shouldn't like to have my son endure a life of monotony which he knew was accomplishing nothing, not to speak of the low moral standards he'd be living with.

A man used to handling today's weapons in the Army's traditional way would be lost with the weapons of the future. What we need is to keep abreast of the mechanical and scientific aspects of waging war, and not to have a large number of men that only know how to make a bed for "Saturday inspection."

Germany —Cpl. JESSE JAMES

Gasoline in the Cellar

There is no crazier doctrine than the idea that the way to keep peace is to prepare for war. There is much more sense in the words of the late Professor Sumner who advised us to "make up our minds soberly which we want, peace or war, and prepare for what we want, because what we prepare for is what we shall get."

To destroy the militaristic system in Europe and Asia, only to end up with the same kind of a deal ourselves, seems a pretty sorry return for the hell our boys went through.

Against whom are we to be armed to the teeth? Certainly not "aggressors," for after this one, we were told, there weren't supposed to be any more aggressors.

Gen. Patton said that you do not prepare for fire by doing away with the fire department. But neither do you prepare for a fire by storing gasoline in the cellar and dynamite in the attic. Why can't we and all our neighbors get that gasoline out of the cellar and that dynamite out of the attic, instead of talking about a bigger and better fire department? Why not build us a war-proof world, as we would a fire-proof house?

Belgium —S/Sgt. GILBERT W. STEVENSON

Military Life

Now that the atomic bomb has made large standing armies obsolete, it seems to me that the effect of conscription can best be measured by the total effect that military training has on the individual. World peace must be built on a spirit of cooperation. Military life discourages cooperation, because the army usually bestows its awards on the basis of individual aggressiveness.

Few of us could deny that the bully and the toady get ahead in the Army, as well as a minority of conscientious workers. We might as well face the fact that the Army, as we know it, is about the last place we should put our youth for character building. Conscripted boys of 18 or 19 would only pick up the bad habits of Army life: the bucking, the goldbricking, the bootlicking and the selfishness.

Unless we want to see our civilian society infected with some of the worst Army habits, we have either to avoid conscription or change the Army.

Guam —Cpl. L. M. BOOMINGDALE

Conscription or Charter

The nations that ask for continued military conscription must have lost their sense of human values. They want to maintain large armies "to insure peace." Yet these same nations sent their appointed representatives to San Francisco a few months ago to devise a charter, planning an organization to prevent war. If they had no faith in man's ability to keep the peace, does the San Francisco charter have any meaning?

Men and nations can live together. It takes sacrifice and compromise, but that is better than death. For the first time in history we can prove our right to be free as nations by our ability to conduct our affairs with one another. That is what prevents wars, not conscription.

China —S/Sgt. E. F. RIGGS

Conscription Backs Up Peace

Yes, universal conscription is consistent with world peace. We are committed to the use of force under the provisions of the United Nations Charter, and hardly anyone questions the need of adequate forces to meet our commitments.

Attacks on conscription seem to involve a listing of gripes against the Army, garnered and nurtured during the war. They predetermine that we should not have conscription before they decide whether the principle is correct. I hold that it is. It is the most democratic means of securing a military force. The alternative, branded as undemocratic by Gen. Marshall, is a large standing army.

I think that universal conscription is not only consistent with maintaining world peace, but it is a guarantee to the other United Nations that we mean business when we talk of maintaining it. As to the danger that our force will in itself constitute a danger to world peace, it should be well to remember that arms act in the service of policy. In the final analysis, the American people determine policy. It should also be noted that universal conscription does not constitute unilateral action by America, but will be a force within the framework of the United Nations organization.

Okinawa —S/Sgt. FRED WORKMAN

Regular Army Will Do

No, it is not. World peace is now being founded on the San Francisco charter. The charter does not require conscription. It is to be the practice that nations can be called upon to furnish an agreed quota if the National Council votes such a request in view of an impending international menace.

A regular, standing army should be enough for the United States. Such an army would provide the necessary cadre and officers and men who have been trained in advance techniques and strategy. After all, the strength of an army is primarily relative to the quality of its command and directing cadre.

Belgium —T-5 JOHN CLOSE

Is Conscription Imperialism?

Doesn't universal conscription mean nationalism and imperialism, both of which are inconsistent with either world peace or a healthy society?

As far as the United States is concerned, is there not a real danger that large numbers of militarily trained men will act as license for undiplomatic acts on the part of those who recognize only the type of diplomacy preceded by the dollar sign? We have no objection to handing over Pacific bases to a trusteeship as long as we are the trustees. We denounce belligerence in others but reserve it for ourselves.

Is universal conscription to back up cartel arrangements or a new version of "business with Hitler"? The future is ours, and on it depends the future of other nations. If we are to have conscription, we should first decide on our purposes.

Germany —T-5 PAUL A. NAGLE

Anti-Fascist Conscription

We must have universal conscription in order to guarantee teeth for the United Nations Charter. We must enable the Security Council to use military power to stop any possible aggression and be a weapon for peace. In addition to an adequate police force for Germany and Japan, we must have enough force to guard against the slightest sign of fascism reviving in any part of the world.

At the mention of universal conscription some may cry "fascism," but we will have a democratic citizen's army, in the American tradition. In principle, universal military training is applied democracy. But let us not forget whatever advances we may have made during this war toward military equality for all citizens irrespective of race, color or religion. Our postwar Army can be truly an anti-fascist force if it is based on democratic principles.

Universal training cannot be postponed under the pretext that we must wait and see whether the new world organization will work. Universal training is necessary to make it work, and is therefore, consistent with world peace.

Hawaii —Cpl. MORRIS PALANSKY

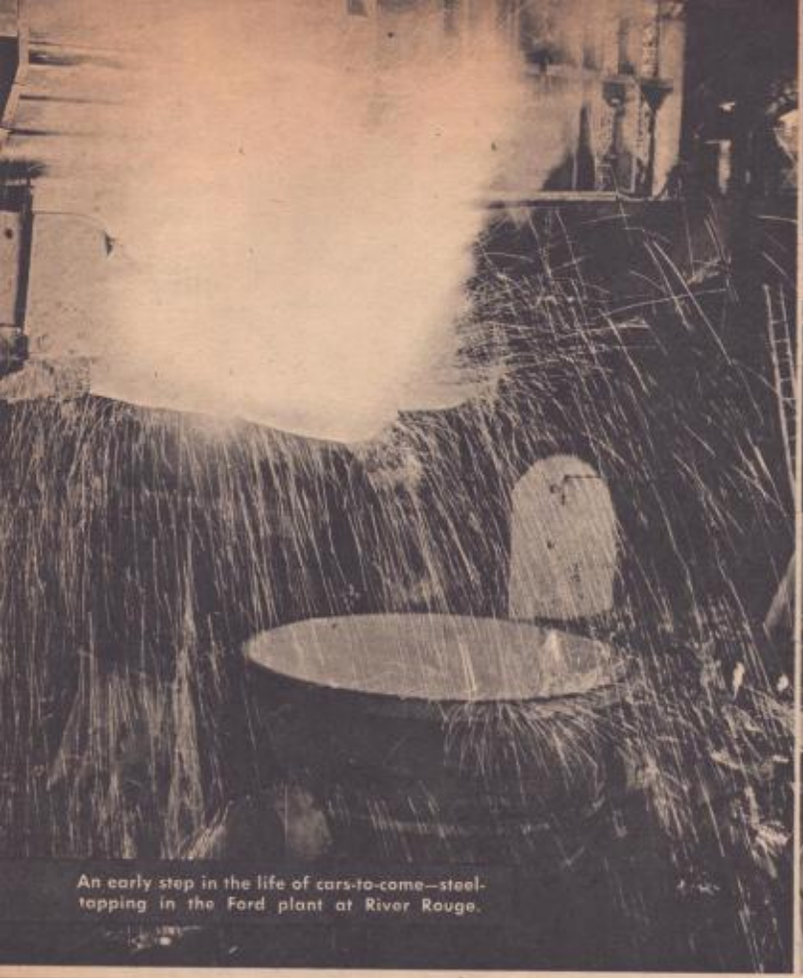
Reconversion City: DETROIT

Putting the torch to leftover plane parts at changing Willow Run.

BOOM or bust? Will the shift to a peacetime economy be swift and orderly—or are we headed for stormy weather on the home front? For indications of what the answer will be, the spotlight turns to Detroit, the Arsenal of Democracy during the war and now the Capital of Reconversion. Detroit is used to change. Heart of the new automobile industry in the 'Twenties, it mushroomed up to become the country's fourth-largest city, suffering all the appropriate growing pains. Insufficient housing, inadequate transportation, the rise of vigorous trade unions, racial tensions and crackpot movements—all combined in the depression-ridden 'Thirties to change the public impression of Detroit from Dynamo to Dynamite. But with the explosion of bombs over Pearl Harbor, Detroit buckled down to a miracle. Within five weeks, orders placed in Detroit by the War Department exceeded the total of all defense contracts filled in the metropolitan area in the preceding two years. Talk of reconversion was in the air as early as last spring, but on VJ-Day Detroit was caught short for all that. Million-dollar contracts have gone up in smoke, assembly lines are being ripped up and reconstructed and models of new products are being readied for display—but the consumers' goods that sparkle in magazine ads are still hardly more than a promise.

Despite a wave of strikes and a mayoralty election featuring the candidacy of a vice-president of the United Automobile Workers, Detroit has not produced the explosion that many feared. Nevertheless, reconversion has given the city a number of acute headaches: at least 215,000 unemployed, empty plants and idle equipment and, above all, a show-down between labor and management on the question of wages. Outwardly the city is calm, and, if all goes according to plan, peacetime production of cars will within a year employ more Detroiters than were engaged in the industry before the war. With its demand for steel, brass, glass, copper, aluminum, cotton, wool, wood, gasoline, oil, rubber, plastics and paint—not to mention railroad and truck hauling—the auto industry is crucial in the reconversion picture of the nation as a whole. Long-range prospects are bright, and Detroit's War Manpower Commission office believes unemployment has already reached its peak. But until production goals are achieved, Detroiters—and the country—may have to sweat out a trying period of give-and-take between management and labor, of strikes and lockouts and of temporary unemployment, with all the strains that follow in the wake of men without jobs. On this and the following pages, Sgt. Reg Kenny, YANK photographer, and Cpl. Robert Bendiner, YANK reporter, show Detroit in the process of change.

In Willow Run—$100,000,000 plant built by U. S. for Ford to produce B-24s—equipment is salvaged or scrapped. Kaiser will build cars here.



An early step in the life of cars-to-come—steel-topping in the Ford plant at River Rouge.

In wartime, Detrola Corp. turned out land-mine detectors (foreground). Now it's radios.

INDUSTRY AND LABOR

Symbolic of fast-changing Detroit is the career of Willow Run: in 1940 a peaceful willow grove; in 1941 a finished plant nearly a mile in length, with 67 acres under one roof; in 1943 a miracle of war production, employing 42,000 workers, in September 1945 an abandoned shell, with a skeleton crew of 3,000, and by 1946 a factory turning out peacetime cars. In this period of turbulent change both management and labor grapple with far-reaching problems. Most of Detroit's war workers put in long hours during the conflict—anywhere from 48 to 54 a week. Return to the peacetime 40-hour week means a reduction of income for those who still have jobs, frequently a 25 percent cut and sometimes as much as 50 percent. The powerful United Automobile Workers is asking for a 30 percent boost in the hourly rate to make up the deficit, arguing that the difference can be absorbed by techniques for increased production learned during the war and by the companies' wartime profits. The motor corporations dispute labor's figures and fear continued Government price controls. The threat of major strikes hangs heavy over Detroit, and small-scale walkouts have already made their influence felt, many of them of the wildcat variety unsanctioned by union officials. Labor and management are talking tough, but both have learned since the violent 'Thirties, and both are eager to cash in on peacetime prosperity.

First trickle of new Fords about to come off the line at the River Rouge plant. Up to World War II, 15 Ford plants turned out 29 million cars.

CONTINUED

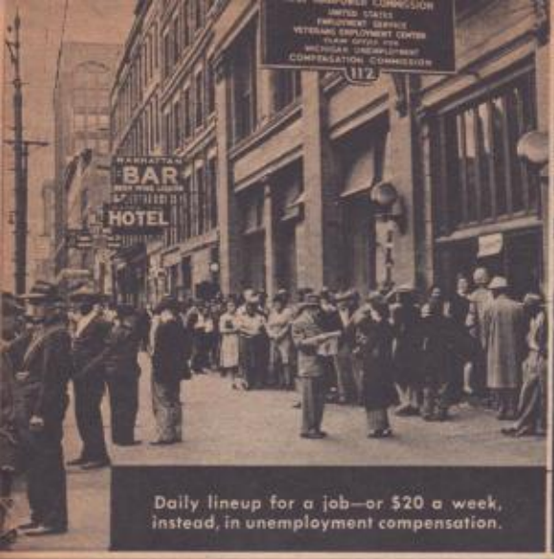
Reconversion (continued)

Reconversion on a small scale. The little Jacobson plant made small steel parts for war vehicles, now turns out bread-boxes and pancake turners.

The promise of things to come. This scene, snapped through the window of People's Outfitting Co., tells the story of reconversion in its first stage.

Local of United Auto Workers discusses new contract. World's largest union, UAW's membership rose from 35,000 in 1936 to 1,350,000 wartime peak.

VJ-Day released labor from no-strike pledge. Labor and industry still hope to settle major issues without picket lines, even minor one like this.



Daily lineup for a job—or $20 a week, instead, in unemployment compensation.

Rush-hour scene. War-strained transportation sagged, hasn't yet recovered.

Housing is still desperate. One "water hole" serves 10 trailer-colony families.

THE PEOPLE War workers lucky enough to have saved a bit in a city of high prices are in no hurry to make the next move, and some have gone off in their beat-up cars for much-needed vacations. Last to be hired and therefore first to leave the payrolls in large numbers are women and Negroes. Some women plan to return to housekeeping, others hope to stay on at plants calling for work on small parts. By and large, the auto industry, with heavy parts, offers less opportunity to women than airplane manufacture. The Negro population of Detroit is already feeling the pinch, and some have been forced to leave improved housing projects for failure to meet the rent. Prolonged unemployment and extremely congested housing present the danger of increased racial strife, although at present matters are well in hand thanks largely to a revamped and widely commended police administration. More than 200,000 of Greater Detroit's war workers were brought in from other communities, most of them from the South, and many recruited by war-plant agents. The Committee for Economic Development estimates that about 25,000 will leave the Detroit area, and many have already made the return-trek southward. Only 40 percent of the city's 17-year-olds and 56 percent of its 16-year-olds attended school last year, and a drive—by press, radio and direct mail—is on to bring them back to the classroom. Officials report that the downward trend in enrollment which began long before the war has already been halted.

But Willow Run Lodge has become a ghost village. Two-thirds of its jobless occupants came from four Southern states. Most of them have left Detroit area.

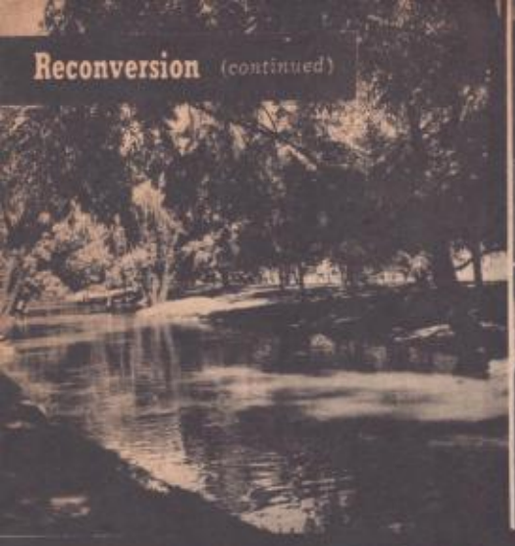
Atkinson Street, in the North Woodward section, once tops as a residential area and still substantial, but fashion has moved on, chiefly to Grosse Pointe.

Sixteen people live in the two rooms of this slum dwelling in "Paradise Valley." When all the beds are down, no floor space is left. Rent, $15 a month.

Living room at Kramer Homes, a permanent Government project. $35 a month for 2 rooms, bath, kitchenette. Similar colony for Negroes is provided at Inkster.

CONTINUED

Reconversion (continued)



Detroiters can forget the headaches of reconversion in peaceful, wooded Belle Isle Park.

The Bowery, famous Hamtramck nightspot—reasonable in price, jammed 7 nights a week.

What with manpower shortage, Detroit girls must amuse themselves on Sunday afternoon.

Cpl. Anthony Miller, his prewar job gone, is signed up for unemployment compensation.

Ex-GIs study individually at the Veterans' Institute—six weeks for a full term's work.

By union-management agreement, disabled vets like these get Packard job preference.

Grand Circus Park, hub of downtown Detroit. Lone uniform shows this is no GI town, but GIs are well treated—no carfare, free ball games, cut rates at movies.

From top of 47-story Penobscot Building, it is obvious that lights burn late in the heart of the Reconversion Capital—and with good reason. For better or worse, a nation changing from war to peace will take its cue from Detroit.

By Pfc. ROBERT G. HOYT

"DEAR JACK:

"I suppose you've heard that I'm no longer a cadet, and naturally you'll wonder why I was eliminated. Well, it actually didn't have anything to do with the way I fly. They can always find something even if you fly circles around them.

"What really happened was, I got PO'd at the Major. I was a little high in the Cadet Club on open-post night, and he was in there and saw me and said something about my blouse being unbuttoned. There was one button loose.

" 'Listen,' I said. 'Why don't you take that Boy-Scout stuff and put it where it belongs?' I really told him. He said something about 'impudence' and I said, 'Why don't you go back to flying balloons, jerk—it'll go with your stomach!'

"So he called the MPs. He wanted to court-martial me, but of course he knew I had too much on him—everybody knows he's drunk most of the time.

"So they washed me. I'm just as glad. A man's got to keep his self-respect. Well, Jack, give 'em hell in the Infantry, and let's hear from you.

"Be seeing you,

"—PHIL."

"DEAR SALLY:

"The real reason I washed out, sweetest, had lots to do with you, just like everything else in my young life.

"You see, darling, an awful lot of what happens in cadets depends on how your instructor likes you. My instructor liked me okay at first, I guess, but something happened.

"The way it was, I met him in town one time, and his wife and sister were with him. We all had a drink together. It seems like his sister kind of fell for me, though I didn't say two words to her, and the next day my instructor tells me she wants a date and how about it? Naturally I thought of you right away. I said no, I couldn't, as I was practically engaged.

"He was pretty insistent about it, but I wouldn't give in. Finally he got sore. The very next day I got a check ride, and they washed me. It's too bad in a way, because I did want to fly, but as I've said to you before, honey, I don't think the kind of love that can't stand a test is worth much.

"By the way, don't say anything about this to the others—they might think I was silly.

"All my love,

"—PHIL."

"DEAR UNCLE FRED:

"Uncle Fred, I think I can tell you the real reason I washed out, but please don't tell Dad and Mom, as they'd just worry about it. I was washed out for what they call 'flying accident due to pilot error.' I could have set them straight on that, but it wasn't worth it to me.

"The way it happened was this. I took my ship up the other day for practice acrobatics—solo, of course—and was about to come out of a spin when the controls caught. I got her down all right, but she was pretty well smashed up. I found out the mechanic was drunk during the pre-flight check and had left a wrench in the fuselage. It had caught in the control cables.

"I could have reported it that way, of course, but I happened to know the mechanic and what it would mean to him. He has a wife and three kids. If I reported him, he'd get a prison sentence for sure.

"So I let it go. As I said, it wasn't worth it to me. He has promised me he'll never touch another drop, and that's reward enough for me.

"By the way, could you let me have a fiver? I had to bribe the crew chief not to report the mechanic, and am a little short.

"Best Regards,

"—PHIL."

"DEAR BUD:

"Well, how's my kid brother these days? I'm not so good. I know you'll be disappointed to hear I'm not in cadets any more. I'll let you in on the real story, provided it goes no further. It may mean a lot to this country if it is kept secret.

"You see, as it was explained to me, there was evidence of an enemy conspiracy against the Air Forces. They got hints of it here and there, but can't get a definite lead. They need a man with certain special qualifications, and I'm it, they tell me. The idea is that I'll travel to certain posts around the country, just like an ordinary GI, and do a little checking. Wish me luck, and be sure to keep your mouth shut.

"I'm sorry in a way, for of course I won't get my wings. But my instructor told me privately that actually there was nothing more he could teach me about flying. And there'll be a few thrills in this new job.

"By the way, could you send me five out of your allowance? I'll need some special equipment.

"—PHIL."

"DEAR AUNT ELLEN:

"Well, I'm not flying any more, and in a way it's all your doing. Not that I blame you. I'm glad I acted the way I did, and that I was able to live up to your example.

"You see, I remembered what you said about the foul language I might meet in the Army and what I should do about it. My instructor was a very crude sort of man, though a pretty good flyer, and he was in the habit of cursing at you if you didn't do just what he wanted. I stood it for a while, but then I thought of the effect this might have on his other students who probably haven't had the advantage of teaching like yours.

"So finally I drew him aside and talked with him. I told him what you always said about filthy language, and how if he kept it up he'd just drag the young students under him down to his level.

"The next day a lieutenant gave me what they call a check ride. He also used profanity, and I told him the same. I was eliminated.

"Could you please send me $5, as I gave all my money to a buddy to buy his mother a gift. And please don't tell Mom and Dad about this as they might think I acted foolishly. I mean about the instructor. About the money too.

"Love,

"—PHIL."

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

MEMO

On this beach
White bones,
Clean and smooth,
Half buried near torn shoes
And rusty buckle,
A rib,
Shattered skull,
Three gnarled vertebrae
In the sand.

(All materiel salvaged except the cracked eyepiece of a gas mask.)

On the obituary page
Neat rows of words,
Framing life and soul
Like a diploma,
Beginning with born,
Ending with died.

(And a photograph, with smile, forgetting how tears feel on the cheek.)

On the company roster
A name
Crossed out.

On us,
The debt.

(To be paid in full.)

Marianas

—Sgt. STAN FLINK

The First Time

"THE bastards!" he growled to himself. He stood quietly at the head of the line of KPs, waiting for his assignment. His eyes burned and ached. "Get a guy up at 4 A.M.!"

"They'd never do this in the Infantry," he muttered. Suddenly he felt like breaking away, just walking out of the mess hall and back to the barracks to hit the sack. To hell with these jerks.

They'd never do this in the Infantry, not to a tech sergeant. But this was the Air Corps, the lousy, stinking Air Corps, where your rank doesn't mean a thing. Unless, he reflected, unless you *make* it mean something.

Standing there, alone in the crowd of men waiting for KP assignments, he started thinking. He started wishing. Two years ago when they shoved him into the Infantry, he figured he got the rawest deal they could throw at him. He told the interviewing doctor he had a bum leg, but he got the Infantry anyhow. The bastards.

But nobody put anything over on him for long. He rode the sick book through basic training, and whenever they put him on KP he rode the sick book through that. But now at last they had stuck him on it. And him a tech sergeant.

"This is the first goddam time," he told himself. "The first time in nearly three years."

He got out of the Infantry by hounding the Medics. They finally recommended him for limited duty, or transfer to the Air Corps. When he got to the Air Corps base it was a snap. A guy who'd been in the Infantry was God around those damn swivel-chair commandos. He sat around and snowed the CO about the Infantry until the Old Man was almost ready to turn the squadron over to him. He made tech sergeant in 14 months.

He wangled himself a job as chief clerk in the assignment section. He smiled when he thought about all the officers he'd shipped out. Guys he didn't like, or maybe he didn't like the sound of their names, or their attitude when they came in to see him. And he thought about the dough he'd picked up on the side, by shipping guys to bases near their homes. If the CO hadn't been shipped finally, he'd still have that job. A rotten break.

"What a come-down," he reflected. "On my way now to sweat out the Army of Occupation." He never thought it would happen to him. The bastards. And now here he was with a bunch of buck-ass privates, pulling KP at an ORD, when he should be at a desk giving orders.

"Hey, you!" somebody shouted. "Sergeant! Come with me." It was the KP pusher, a pfc.

"Where we going?"

"Garbage detail. It's a snap."

In back of the mess hall a truck was parked, and two soldiers were dumping garbage cans onto it. "Just help those guys, sarge," the pfc directed.

The pfc took an apple from his pocket, rubbed it across his fatigue-jacket sleeve, and bit into it deeply. He sat on an empty can. The tech sergeant looked up from his work just in time to catch the pfc smiling.

Kearns AAB, Utah —S/Sgt. GORDON CROWE

"Pfc. Trinkle, I don't understand why you can't remember to sew braid on your hat!"

—Sgt. Giovanni Calvarese, Amarillo, Tex.

The Hot Rock

A HERO returned, and the papers sent reporters to interview him. The air-base public-relations officer was present at the interview, which went like this:

REPORTER: Lieutenant, how do you feel about being back in the States?

HERO: I'm plenty PO'd with the attitude here, and I—

PUBLIC RELATIONS: Let me explain that phrase, gentlemen. The lieutenant means that his eyes were misty when the outlines of Manhattan's skyline appeared on the horizon.

REPORTER: Lieutenant, what's the first thing you're going to do in New York?

HERO: Well, naturally, I'll get roaring drunk. And then—

PUBLIC RELATIONS: Naturally, he intends to fly right to his home town and see all his folks.

REPORTER: Is it true they're going to award you the Congressional Medal of Honor?

HERO: They damn well should.

PUBLIC RELATIONS: I think the lieutenant means to say that he disclaims any awards. He was telling me a minute ago that every man in his squadron deserves equal credit.

REPORTER: How did you manage to shoot down so many planes, lieutenant?

HERO: I guess I'm a pretty hot rock. I—

PUBLIC RELATIONS: Er—teamwork, wasn't it, lieutenant? And luck, of course, and superior equipment from the home-front industries.

REPORTER: Oh, by the way, lieutenant, is it true that you plan to visit the factory that manufactured your plane?

HERO: Yeah, if the damn feather merchants are still on the job. And I'd like to get my hands on the clown who welded his lunch box into the tail section of my ship—

PUBLIC RELATIONS: Lieutenant, please—as you were saying a minute ago, you're proud of our American workers and the magnificent job they did to "back the attack."

REPORTER: Are Navy pilots as good as Army flyers?

HERO: Good, hell! I can fly rings through their noses—

PUBLIC RELATIONS: Let's put it this way, gentlemen: The lieutenant pays high tribute to the fighting skill of his comrades in arms in the air.

REPORTER: What about your mechanic? Was he pretty good?

HERO: That meat-head was born upside-down! It was only by damn good flying that I got off the ground half the time.

PUBLIC RELATIONS: That is to say, the lieutenant is lavish in his praise of the courageous ground crews who worked day and night to "keep 'em flying!"

REPORTER: Is it true, lieutenant, that you're going to teach gunnery for a while before being discharged?

HERO: Yeah, somebody has to give the kids the ungarbled word. The stuff they taught me in training almost caused me to get the backs of my knees shot off several times—

PUBLIC RELATIONS: Er, gentlemen, let me simplify that. The lieutenant has high words of praise for the training program given our fledgling flyers, and—

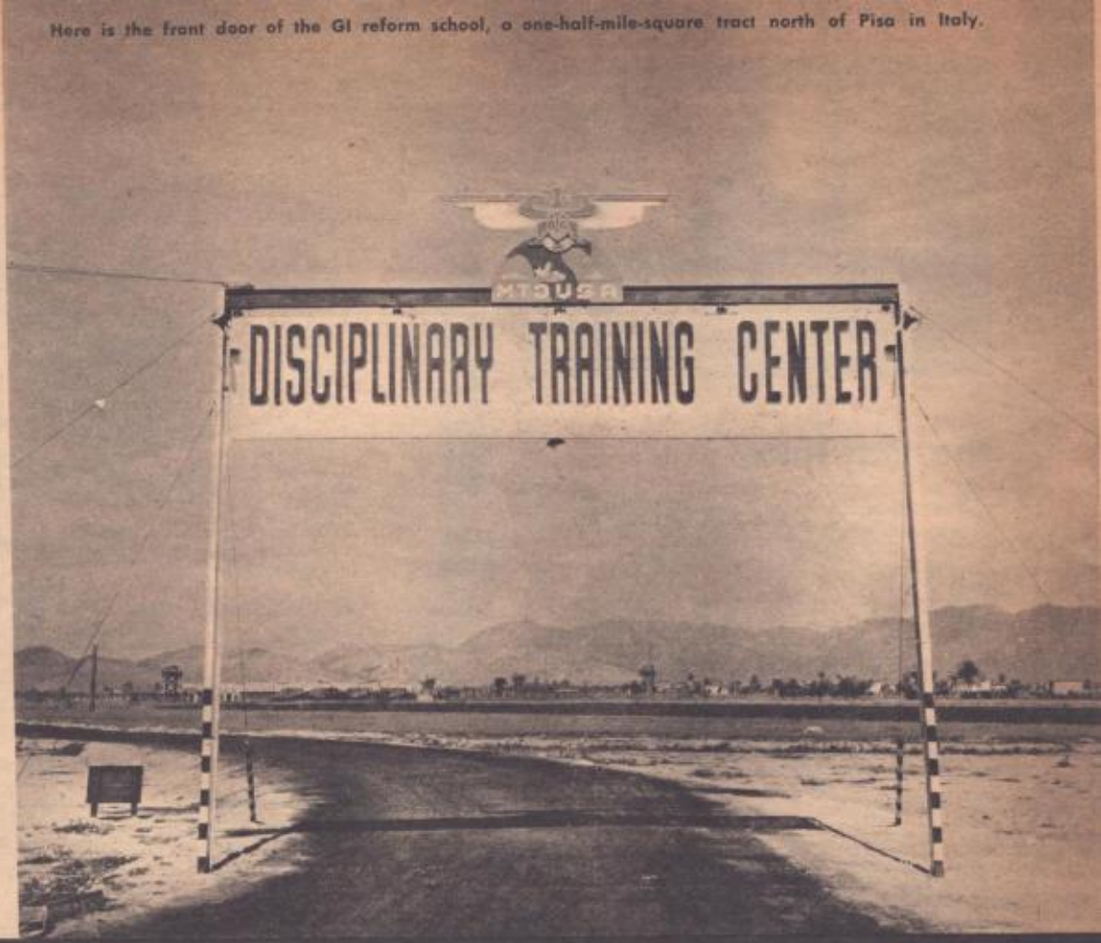
HERO: Say, fellows, I'm sorry as hell, but I gotta get out of here and get myself a few pails of glue before the bars all shut down. See you!

PUBLIC RELATIONS: Ah, yes, goodbye lieutenant! Now, gentlemen, if there are any further questions, I'll be only too glad to answer them for you. You can say the lieutenant is eager for a large hunk of mother's apple pie, and. . . .

Marfa, Tex. —S/Sgt. H. J. KRISTAK

"I don't see how these 69-point men get aboard in the first place." —Pfc. Lloyd T. Baker, Germany

Here is the front door of the GI reform school, a one-half-mile-square tract north of Pisa in Italy.



GI Reform School

The toughest training detail in the Army is dished out to court-martialed GIs at the Disciplinary Training Center near Pisa.

By Sgt. NORBERT HOFMAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

PISA, ITALY—The Disciplinary Training Center here is a wonderful place—for a GI to stay out of. Life for the 3,600 prisoners at the center is planned to be tougher than combat, and when the Army tries to make things rugged it does a good job.

Nevertheless, most of the former soldiers living on the dusty, one-half-mile-square tract, three miles north of Pisa, are glad to be there. It means they have a last chance to clean up their records and return to honorable status in the Army and then to civilian life. All the prisoners have been court-martialed, dishonorably discharged and sentenced to from five years to life imprisonment. Now they have an opportunity to work out their full sentences by enduring one year of training 14 hours a day, one year of terrible discipline, unbroken regimentation, monotony and constant chewing. Every Saturday, about 150 men make it and "graduate" as full-fledged privates in the Army once more.

Organized at Casablanca in 1943, the MTOUSA center moved to Pisa last Christmas Eve, when the front lines were only 12 miles away. The cadre of 74 officers and 514 EM, under the command of Lt. Col. John L. Steele of St. Johnsbury, Vt., are mostly combat veterans and have been especially trained. The toughest top kick in a regular outfit would blanch at the sternness of a corporal on the DTC staff.

The greatest single cause of confinement in the DTC is going AWOL, which has been the undoing of 22 percent of the inmates. Desertion has put 15 percent there; misbehavior before the enemy, murder, rape, larceny and other felonies, 7 percent and disobedience, 5 percent.

Officers, of whom there are now three confined in the center, stay confined there pending review of their court-martial decision. They are segregated from the EM, live in pyramidal rather than pup tents, and do not perform work details, but they do not get the courtesy normally shown commissioned officers.

Every enlisted prisoner commences his confinement as a Second-Class Trainee. The word "prisoner" is dropped, for the center is designed to give men additional training in military discipline.

Military discipline, according to Army Regulations 600-10, involves "that mental attitude and state of training which render obedience and proper conduct instinctive under all conditions . . . It is generally indicated in an individual or unit by smartness of appearance and action; by cleanliness and neatness of dress, equipment, or quarters; by respect for seniors, and by the prompt and cheerful execution by subordinates of both the letter and the spirit of the legal orders of their lawful superiors."

A trainee must meet the stiffest disciplinary requirements before he is eligible for release. Progress toward that end is rewarded by advancement to First-Class Trainee. On the other hand, a negligent man can be demoted to Third-Class Trainee and must start up again. Once a First-Class Trainee, a man with outstanding good conduct may be appointed as acting non-com or as a member of the Honor Company.

A man usually must stay in the Honor Company for eight weeks before he can be considered for release. When the man is eventually assigned to an outside Army unit, his new CO will watch his conduct, initiative and execution of duties. After six months, the released trainee can request a review of his case, with remission of the balance of the sentence, including the dishonorable discharge, possible as final reward.

How long this up-the-ladder process requires depends on the individual. Take the case of a Negro ex-corporal. Convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to hard labor for life, he was sent to the DTC. Only nine days after he entered the center, he made First-Class Trainee. He has been appointed acting sergeant and hopes to get into the Honor Company soon.

On the other hand, goofing off can place a man in the Segregation Group — from which prospects for release are dim. Incorrigibles and men waiting to be put to death (the DTC sends the doomed men elsewhere for execution of the sentence), along with men who have attempted prison breaks, form the rest of this group. Incidentally, every man who has ever escaped from MTOUSA DTC has been apprehended. The latest attempted escape involved 10 men, seven of whom were shot in flight, the other three being caught within 20 minutes.

WHEN a man arrives at the center, he is sent directly to the stockade, a well-patrolled, well-fenced area. There his uniform and personal belongings are stored. He gets two pairs of fatigues, two pairs of shoes, blankets, toilet articles and training equipment.

A thorough physical examination and an interview with a psychiatrist come next. Each man's background, civilian and military, is noted by the Personnel Evaluation Department. Those physically or mentally unfit for Combat Infantry training may be classified for limited assignment or light duty. Men with serious disability are placed in a special company to await shipment to the States for hospitalization. There is no priority for the trip, so it is a long wait.

At the Provost Marshal's Office, the trainee's conduct, efficiency and initiative are graded daily and entered on a record card. This record will determine his advancement.

Full-duty men go to one of the Second-Class Trainee companies, under the jurisdiction of two officers and several cadre non-coms. Within this dusty, unshaded enclosure, the new trainee is assigned to bunk with another trainee who may come from Boston or Boise, be a Quaker or a Catholic, Negro or Chinese. In any case, he is regarded as his fellow-trainee's equal.

Right off the bat, he gets his orders. He lays out his equipment exactly as prescribed and keeps it so. With his bunk-mate he sets up very light housekeeping under shelter halves on a slightly raised wooden platform. He shaves and showers daily, gets a haircut once a week. He launders his own clothes. In short, he washes, scrubs, darns, scrapes and polishes to keep himself and his equipment spotless—and he finds it necessary to do this whenever he has a minute to himself.

He may write home no more than once a week. His incoming and outgoing mail is censored, primarily for enclosures. His only reading matter is either religious or military, which rules out comics and pin-ups. He gets only one pack of cigarettes a week—to be smoked at designated times, few and far between. He never salutes an officer (having lost his status as a soldier in good standing), but rather freezes at attention until told to carry on.

At his first inspection, he realizes what super-GI standards are maintained. The mess gear must be shined bright as the silver at a general's banquet. Uniforms must be perfectly creased—by sleeping on them when they are still damp after washing. Eagle-eyed trainees, in their capacity of

acting non-coms, follow equally eagle-eyed cadre down the line, snooping for minute boners—a spot of dust on a helmet liner, signs of toothpaste inside the cap of the tube, a protruding blanket edge, a hanging thread.

As an Infantry rifleman, the trainee is required to train from 12 to 14 hours a day, regardless of whether he has already been in combat or been trained in another type of unit. He gets plenty of close-order drill, interior guard and marches under full field equipment. He gets instruction on weapons ranging from carbine to 81mm. mortar. Firing stops with a dry run (except for men of the Honor Company, who fire live rounds). As a further precaution, firing pins are removed from all rifles.

At the Mines and Booby-Trap School, duplicating the set-up at the Infantry School of Ft. Benning, Ga., the trainee learns how to lay mine fields, probe for live mines and fashion booby traps. His training is rough, his work is hard and he lives uncomfortably. And all the time he is watched, hounded and graded.

THE trainee may apply for a conference with the chaplain and by going through channels can talk to visiting outsiders on official business. He is kept informed of current world news through an Information and Education program. He may attend religious Sunday services in the seatless lecture hall (referred to by trainees as "sitting on the rocks") unless he prefers the alternative of field training. The company selected as the best at the weekly review and the company keeping the neatest area are allowed to see one movie that week.

Every guy is out strictly for himself. Each man adopts more or less of a "to hell with the next fellow" attitude, for in his daily life, the quickest thinkers, hardest workers, most ingenious men are getting the breaks.

Men compete in sharpening up their personal appearance. Some bleach their leggings and shoelaces. They stay up late sewing, by the light of the stockade beacons, the seams of their fatigues with contrasting white thread. Some trainees remove pocket flaps from faded salvaged clothing, sewing them on their own fatigues to create a two-tone effect. All such innovations, within reason, are regarded as evidences of initiative and an intense desire for advancement.

A gig is to a trainee what a whip is to a horse. It hurts, and at the same time makes him go faster. Too many gigs ruin a trainee's record and postpone his release from the center. Gigs are handed out by the cadre, often at the suggestion of the acting-non-com trainees, who regard such detection as a feather in their cap. Besides being a black mark on a man's record, a gig can also deprive him of one of his three meals.

According to officers at the center, the planned diet gives a man enough nourishment to get along on two meals a day. The trainees don't give a damn about the diet; they get hungry at least three times a day—even though they do have to eat standing up.

Only the commanding officer of the DTC, or the prison officer with delegated authority, can impose these severest punishments: removal of privileges, principally the privilege of being "free" in the evening to clean clothes and brighten up equipment, instead of going out for "moonlight cadence"; and solitary confinement.

Every trainee has a healthy respect for DTC's solitary row. Here, in dark 6x10 cells, prisoners are confined for 14-day periods with only a blanket to protect them from the concrete floor. They get only 18 ounces of bread a day but all the water they want. Guards make regular inspections of the solitary cells, and if a prisoner shows signs of collapse he is taken to the Center Hospital. But, after being nursed back to health, the prisoner must return to the solitary row to complete his sentence.

PROMOTION from Special to First-Class Trainee brings with it such privileges as getting an additional pack of cigarettes a week, being permitted to take more advanced and interesting training courses—perhaps in the Clerk or Motor School. Most important of all, a First-Class Trainee can be assigned to special duty in one of the operational phases of the center. A trainee normally likes special duty, for that excuses him from the long, rugged drilling and field exercises; and his time will pass more quickly, since he works at a job for which he is qualified.

Men are on special assignment everywhere on the post—in the mess halls, in ordnance, in the dispensary. They work in the stables where the horses for security guard are kept. They are in the maintenance shop as carpenters, masons, electricians or plumbers. They're dental technicians, waiters, typists. They sort mail, they stand guard. Standing guard at rigid attention or parade rest outside Center Headquarters for eight hours daily —two hours on, two off—is a privilege here.

A former staff sergeant with the 34th Division is in charge of the barber shop, a good break for him, for in civilian life back in Ohio he used to be a barber. He and nine trainee assistants give GI trims to an average of 400 heads a day. But no shaves, shampoos, or massages.

Trusties are appointed by written order of the CO. They wear special arm bands; they're permitted to leave the stockade on duty without the usual guard. Minor inefficiency or misconduct will cancel this promptly, as it will every other special appointment.

"Upside-down" corporals or sergeants are what trainees call trainee non-coms, because the chevrons are worn upside down. To be an acting non-com is to reach an enviable spot. Acting NCOs live in a separate area, one man per tent where possible, each tent boasting wooden floor and frame. The men do not have to lay out equipment for daily inspection, but each man must keep his tent neatly arranged and policed at all times and must supervise the displays of other trainees under his command. Every upside-down NCO is expected to be a constant example to the other trainees and to control and instruct the men within his own group. Acting non-coms are the only trainees on the post who are permitted to salute officers.

In the Honor Company, a trainee, as one just-released acting sergeant put it, finds that "they give you enough rope to hang yourself."

"You get near *vino* and stuff," the acting sergeant said. "If you're a man, you can stick it out . . . You know, in some ways the Honor Company is easier than a lot of regular outfits."

But it can be tougher, if a guy can't stand prosperity.

At the inspection on Saturday mornings those promoted to the Honor Company, besides men to be released from the center, are called to front and center. The weekly ceremony symobolizes the continuous rehabilitating process going on within the DTC. Up to now, 10,954 men have been confined in the center and 7,469 released. Of all general prisoners released, only 5 percent have had to be returned to the center, having failed to make the grade in the Army.

Life in the DTC is so grueling that men who are released feel that to be a private in good standing in the Army is a wonderful break. While the war was still on, many graduates made good in combat, and now some ex-DTC men wear Purple Hearts and campaign stars and a few the Silver Star.

The reward for meeting the iron discipline is eventual release. Trainees have to stand a rigid inspection daily. (In the picture at left their names are censored out.) If they can take it, they leave the center and return to the Army.

At left are the solitary confinement cells, in the center are death cells and at right a segregation area.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

YANK is published weekly by the enlisted men of the U. S. Army and is for sale only to those in the armed services. Stories, features, pictures and other material from YANK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulation, provided proper credit is given, release dates are observed and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Entire contents Vol. 4, No. 21, copyrighted, 1945, by Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
205 EAST 42d STREET, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, FA; Art Director, Sgt. Charles Brand, AAF; Assistant Managing Editor, Sgt. Jonathan Kilbourn, Sig. Corps; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Carl Schwind, DEML; Pictures, Sgt. Lee Hofeller, Armd.; Features, Sgt. Ray Duncan, AAF; Overseas Editor, Sgt. Al Hine, Engr.; U. S. Editor, Sgt. Hilary H. Lyons, CA; Navy Editor, Donald Nugent Sp(X)3c; Associate Editors, Sgt. John Hay, Inf.; Sgt. William McKeany, Inf.; Sgt. Max Nevack, TC.

WASHINGTON, Sgt. H. N. Oliphant, Engr.; Sgt. John Haverstick, CA.

JAPAN, Sgt. Robert MacMillan, FA; Sgt. Kees Burger, AAF; Sgt. George Burns, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Dale Kramer, MP; Sgt. Bill Lindau, Inf.; Sgt. Jack Ruge, DEML; Cpl. James Kerney, Sig. Corps; Robert Schwartz Y2c, USNR; Evan Wylie SCp(PR), USCGR.

PHILIPPINES, Sgt. Jack Fields, DEML; Sgt. Frank Beck, AAF; Sgt. Roger Cowan, CA; Sgt. Jack Crowe, Med.; Sgt. Marvin Fasig, Engr.; Sgt. Joe Stefanelli, Engr.; Sgt. Lionel Wathall, Engr.; Sgt. Roger Wrenn, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Bill Young, Inf.; Cpl. Ralph Izard, Engr.; Cpl. Don Michel, AAF.

CENTRAL PACIFIC, Sgt. Harry Tomlinson, DEML.

MARIANAS, Sgt. James Gable, Armd.; Maxen Pawiak CPhoM, USNR; Vernon H. Roberts PhoM3c, USNR.

RYUKYUS, Sgt. Paul Shewers, AAF.

FRANCE, Sgt. Georg Meyers, AAF; Sgt. Pat Coffey, AAF; Sgt. William Frazer, AAF; Cpl. Howard Katzander, CA; Cpl. David Whitcomb, AAF; Pvt. David Berger, Engr.

BRITAIN, Sgt. Earl Anderson, AAF; Sgt. Edmund Antrobus, Inf.; Sgt. Frank Brandt, Med.; Sgt. Francis Burke, AAF; Sgt. James Dugan, DEML; Sgt. Rudolph Sanford, AAF.

ITALY, Sgt. Donald Breimhurst, AAF; Sgt. Nelson Gruppe, Engr.; Sgt. Norbert Hofman, DEML; Sgt. Dan Peltier, AAF; Sgt. Dave Shaw, Inf.; Cpl. Ira Freeman, Cav.

INDIA-BURMA and CHINA, Sgt. John Blay, Inf.; Sgt. Jud Cook, DEML.

ALASKA, Sgt. Tom Sheban, FA.

AFRICA-MIDDLE EAST-PERSIAN GULF, Sgt. Richard Paul, DEML; Sgt. Peter Forstenzer, DEML; Cpl. Ray McGovern, Inf.

ICELAND, Sgt. Gordon Farrel, AAF.

■

Commanding Officer, Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

Executive Officer, Lt. Col. Jack W. Weeks.

Business Manager, Maj. Gerald J. Rock.

OVERSEAS BUREAU OFFICERS, France, Lt. Col. Charles L. Holt, Maj. Harry R. Roberts and Capt. Jack Silverstein, assistants; Philippines, Capt. Max Gilstrap; Japan, Maj. Lewis Gillenson; Central South Pacific, Maj. Henry E. Johnson; Marianas, Capt. Knowlton Ames; Ryukyus, Capt. Merle P. Millham; Italy, Capt. Howard Carswell; Burma-India, Capt. Harold A. Burroughs; Alaska, Capt. Grady E. Clay Jr.; Panama, Capt. Charles H. E. Stubblefield; Africa-Middle East-Persian Gulf, Maj. Frank Gladstone.

This Week's Cover

THE famous stacks of the Ford plant at River Rouge exchange the olive drab of war for the bright silver of peace. The new coat of paint symbolizes Detroit's shift from the tools of death to the comforts of civilian life. See pages 8 through 13 for Sgt. Reg Kenny's picture story of the Reconversion City.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Reg Kenny. 2 & 3—Sgt. George Burns. 4—Acme. 5—Acme. 7—Sig. Corps. 8 through 13—Sgt. Kenny. 16 & 17—Army Pictorial Service. 20—Universal Pictures. 23—PA.

Pre-Pearl Harbor Fathers

Dear YANK:

Something doesn't jibe. I am a suffering GI—a pre-Pearl Harbor father, two years of service. My wife and baby are near a starvation diet trying to live on $80 a month (our savings of nearly $2,000 went in the last two years).

General Marshall gave us some hope by saying two-year men may get out this winter. Presumably fathers would be given some preference. But actually, what is the situation? I am now headed overseas. I figure that means two more years—at least one. Certainly I am not going over just to turn around and come back this winter.

No, it doesn't jibe. A recent YANK says the WD isn't sending men overseas who would have less than one year to serve. But men with under 36 points are going overseas. I have 35—two years' service as a pre-Pearl Harbor father.

Is General Marshall wrong? Or, is YANK wrong? Or, doesn't General Marshall read communiques from the WD?

What is the score? Am I getting out this winter or shall I tell my wife to find another provider?

Camp Lee, Va. —Cpl. HARRY AYERS

Dear YANK:

At the beginning of the war, Senators and Congressmen all over the country made a tremendous issue about the fate of pre-Pearl Harbor fathers. The decision was reached that in order to protect the American family life, this category would not be drafted until absolutely necessary.

When the need became great enough, these men entered the service and did a good job at their assignments.

Now the war is over. These men seem to be forgotten. What price now, the protection of the American family life? Have their responsibilities ended?

It is essentially unfair and un-American to keep these men away from their families now that the war is over. It doesn't serve our country's best interests to have the families of close to a million men suffer needlessly.

A fair and reasonable solution to this problem would be to furlough any man upon request, until such time as the War Department can get around to discharging him. The men thus would be given the opportunity of regaining, in part, their old position in civilian life.

Warrensburg, Mo. —Pfc. E. M. SEIFER

Education for Supermen

Dear YANK:

We troops now occupying Germany have been waiting for a long time to see if anyone would write to YANK and express his opinion on the way our Government is re-educating the German population. Just when are we going to start teaching the civilians, who are totally ignorant as to how, why and where this war began and who exactly won it?

We Americans who fought in the front lines as combat men can't see why the Germans still think their fight was just, and that they are supreme and destined to rule the world. As we discuss the subject with them, they say yes, you Americans won the war, but they blame us for killing, stealing and plundering. When we tell them what the Germans did to all of Europe, they only laugh and deny it.

While all of Europe starves, Germany is still the best-fed country over here and is polluted with clothing, food and materials looted from others. They tell us that Poland has no cattle or livestock, that the young babies have no milk to drink. Why can't we take some of the cattle from the huge German farms, load them on American trucks and haul them to Poland, instead of worrying about the "poor German civilians"?

Wake up, America! Let's get busy and start educating these ignorant, arrogant supermen, and get them off of their high horses.

Germany —Sgt. JOHN ANDERSON*

*Also signed by 61 others.

Liberty for the Liberators

Dear YANK:

This is the 13th day of American occupation of Korea, and all our movements so far have been from school building to school building. Otherwise we are located up behind walls. The natives stand and gape and cannot understand and neither can anyone else. Of course, this applies only to enlisted men.

The officers are having nightly parties with entertainment provided by Korean dancing girls. Our food is worse than we ever had—canned rations. Now school is about to start and we are about to move into tents. Not one word of explanation, not one syllable of excuse has been given to the boys who on convenient occasions are called the flower of American manhood. Is it that we cannot be trusted on the streets?

We are not permitted to spend American money, nor are we given Korean money. The question thousands of American soldiers in Korea ask is this:

"We have risked our lives, suffered and starved to end this war. Now it is over. We have liberated the Koreans, but who in the heck will liberate the liberators?"

Korea —Cpl. H. E. NOTELEVITY*

*Also signed by 13 others.

Tormented 'Trooper

Dear YANK:

I am a Paratrooper, and have been since the summer of '42. You know pretty well what training we did, and how our airborne units behaved in combat. We are, by necessity, a rough and ready crew. As a result, our reputation is a pretty mean one.

And therein lies my beef.

The very nature of our job has attracted to our ranks several men who were, even at home as civilians, damned fools who thought that heavy drinking, insulting women, fighting, wrecking bars, etc., were the signs of a "man." These same men are the ones who have given our whole group the reputation of being a pack of savages when on pass, and has led everyone who recognizes our uniforms to stay as far as possible from us. These men are definitely a minority.

The overwhelming majority of us are no different from GIs in the regular Infantry units, Armored Corps or other combat groups.

Here in France, we are being shunned by the people. We're fairly close to home, though, so that we can stand. But even our own nurses and Wacs often refuse to speak to us when passing on the street, and, dammit, that hurts! Is this a prelude to the reception awaiting us in the States?

All we ask is a chance. If a guy gets nasty or off the beam, swat him with a slab or something, and heave the carcass in the nearest sewer. Most of us would be glad to help. But how about treating the rest of us like average young American men, which we will be before long?

France —(Name Withheld)

Non-Military Schedule

Dear YANK:

The problem of many hundreds of thousands of GIs lying around camps in the States waiting for discharges is becoming increasingly important as thousands dock each day. But what is happening in this former combat division? Every morning we have close-order drill, the same old thing we had in basic several years ago. This is followed the rest of the day by classes in malaria, firing of the bazooka, jungle fighting and other outdated subjects. We have training films on similar topics and they are run over and over again to pass the time. They are even run backwards.

As each day passes, our boredom grows. Why do we have to waste valuable time when an extensive educational and recreational program could be put into effect along lines to prepare us for entry into civilian life? We're certainly not getting any younger in the Army.

As I write this note in the Service Club, I see a young fellow reading a book on elementary electricity. Near him is a chap reading a book on refrigeration. As it stands now, Armed Forces Institute courses must be studied on one's own time. A plan should be adopted whereby an educational program could be conducted in the morning, followed by a recreational program in the afternoon. As it is, the boys are continually fed up with the accent on military science and pomp. And what happens? They get piffed off, tell off the old man, get into trouble, get drunk and, in general, make nuisances of themselves.

None of us like the thought of another five or six months in the Army, training along strictly pre-atomic-bomb military lines. But if each of us could use that time to further ourselves educationally and physically, our attitudes would be quite changed.

I believe all GIs will agree that a definite non-military schedule is needed during our "sweating-it-out" period.

Camp Chaffee, Ark. —Sgt. CLINT ECKSTROM

"You don't get out till you explain how you came by this 117th point!"
—Sgt. Tom Flannery

Freedom of Speech

Dear YANK:

We have just finished reading Drew Pearson's recent column concerning letters written to Congressmen and Senators by soldiers, in which he states that several Congressmen, including Rep. Andrew J. May of Kentucky, send the mail received from GIs to the War Department, "where 400 Wacs, who thought they enlisted to help win the war, now have to help win Congressmen's elections by answering soldiers' mail."

"War Department brass hats are delighted with the arrangement," says Pearson. "Not only do they make friends in Congress, but they get a chance to see who the troublemakers are in each camp. All a GI Joe pours out to his Congressman about his superior officers is spelled out in black and white for War Department perusal and can be sent back to the superior officer."

Pearson also states that the Wacs have been admonished to remember, "You're getting votes for the Senators and Congressmen whose letters you're answering," and one officer, Col. William M. Clarkson, threatened to take away all rank from any Wac who objected to doing the work because of its political nature.

Things like this make us stop and think whether America, whose growth was fostered by people who believed in freedom, and whose constitution lists "freedom of speech" as an important factor in our Government, is really on the right track, or is on the road to becoming what the Nazis called a "decadent democracy."

—Pvt. WILLIAM DUNCAN*

Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

*Also signed by 5 others.

Back to Business

Dear YANK:

The discharge system is unfair to businessmen. When the war began we left our businesses and hoped they would survive without the supervision of their owners.

Now that the war is over, here we are sitting around waiting for the point system and going through complicated channels, when instead we should be on the way back to see that the business survives. We are also losing out in the soliciting of postwar business. Our competitors who evaded the draft are getting the cream of the postwar business.

In my case, I am sole owner and proprietor of a photo-finishing plant. I have given three years and seven months of my life to the Army, which should be long enough, especially now that the war is over. This point system wasn't made up in favor of specialists or service troops, but almost entirely for combat troops.

I think there should be a special provision made to discharge men who are sole owners and proprietors of a business firm. This would help to insure the prosperity of our country in the future.

Okinawa —T-3 ELWYN H. COATS

Discipline and Respect

Dear YANK:

In a recent "Mail Call" there appeared a letter from Capt. Homer H. Hammond in which the anti-democratic customs and procedures of the Army were defended. At the outset, Capt. Hammond would have us believe that all line officers earn their commissions by hard work. Most line officers had to undergo only three months of OCS. Whatever they did during those three months is certainly no justification for placing them upon a pedestal.

If Capt. Hammond meant to imply that everyone has had an equal opportunity to receive a commission, he is certainly wrong. Chance had a great deal to do with it. Of great importance were such factors as the time one entered the Army, the need for officers at the time one applied for OCS, quotas allotted to the camp or field where the applicant was stationed and the particular OCS for which the applicant applied.

The use of better uniforms by officers is justified on the ground that the officer must be a pace-setter. Where I come from, however, a pace-setter is one who can do a better job under the same conditions as the group for whom the pace is being set. Given the same degree of care, an officer's uniform will always look better than a GI's. Just what sort of an example does the officer set?

On the matter of social intercourse among officers and GIs, Capt. Hammond advances the lame explanation that GIs don't want social fraternization. If that is the fact, then why forbid it? Is it to protect the GI's privacy? Why all the double-talk? We all know that this anti-fraternization order is based upon the notion that social intercourse will lead to loss of respect among GIs for the officers.

If this premise is correct, it only proves that officers don't deserve the respect demanded for them, and that respect must be obtained by building a screen of formality and mystery around them to maintain respect. Why not carry the order to its logical conclusion and segregate all ranks?

The objection to the order is clear to any thinking person. Without any basis in fact, the segregation by ranks leads to a labeling of the groups as inferior and superior.

Capt. Hammond reaches the pinnacle of stupidity in his discussion of discipline. Has it ever been shown that obeying orders in close-order drill will lead to obeying other types of orders? Men will obey orders when they trust and respect the officer giving them and when they perceive the necessity for the order. The way to build discipline is to improve the quality of officers and build a cooperative spirit between the officer and his men.

False, indeed, is the Army premise that discipline can be instilled by building a slave-master relationship, with the slave required to show outward respect (whether or not he feels that respect) and bow down (salute) before the master.

In a column entitled "Imprisonment by Japs Taught Yanks Hatred," Maj. Gen. King wrote, "It is hard to realize even now that I do not have to jump when a bell rings, do not have to leap to attention when there is a knock at the door." If such practices were part of the regime that taught General King hatred, why assume that forcing a GI to stand at attention before officers and to salute them will instill a different attitude in the GI?

Salina AAF, Kans. —Pvt. E. L. GORDON

A Taxpayer Protests

Dear YANK:

So M/Sgt. William J. Boyle wants to be returned to the reserves after 20 years of Regular Army duty! He wants to be turned out to stud (no doubt he means pasture) so some youngster can have his rating. His spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice above and beyond the call of duty are uses my interest.

I am not an old-timer, but I would like to tell him what I think of his idea. The average civilian starts work at about 20 years of age. If he belongs to the fortunate few, he can retire at the age of 60, after 40 years of work.

Does the Master Sergeant think that his services to his country are so outstanding that he should retire upon completing half the work performed by the average civilian? Does he think that we civilians will sweat out taxes for over 40 years so he can be turned out to pasture in 20 years?

I am perfectly willing for any individual to earn more than I expect to. I do object to members of the Regular Army attempting to convert their positions into a legalized racket at the expense of the civilian.

India —T-5 J. C. EGNAL

Transportation Home

Dear YANK:

Here's something we feel the WD should know, and it might be of interest to Congress too, for it's just another reason why the discharging of troops is moving at a snail's pace.

The Troop Carrier Squadron stationed here at this Alaska base sends one of its planes every week to the U.S. base in Canada, near the Candian-U.S. border, which serves as the reception center for returnees from this theater. From this said base there is adequate transportation by rail and air to move troops to separation centers to any part of the U.S.

Just this week the Troop Carrier Squadron flew its baseball team to this Canadian base to play ball with the GI team there. They took 20 men to play a ball game 1,400 miles away while hundreds of men, from Attu to Anchorage, were sweating out air transportation to the same base. To make it worse, they took along for a pleasure ride a woman employed by the Government at this base. Not only did she occupy space on the plane that could have been filled by any one of the many GIs waiting for transportation, but she occupied a space that could have been filled by a private in our outfit who had been granted an emergency furlough because his wife was critically ill and who had no means of immediate transportation.

If this use of Army transportation for pleasure is going on in other theaters as it is here, then something tells us we'll still be sweating out transportation to the States in 1948.

Alaska —(35 Names Withheld)

Regular Navy

Dear YANK:

I am speaking for myself and a large group of men who enlisted in the Regular Navy in 1940 for a hitch of six years. This was the minimum at that time, and was after President Roosevelt declared the nation was in a state of emergency.

Most of us have been overseas and in action for a total of more than four years. We have been told that the 18-month rotation plan has been cancelled and a 24-month plan substituted. This means that most of us will be overseas another year.

We have sufficient points, 55 to 60, under the present system, but cannot use them. We are not asking for discharge but only for duty in the U.S.A. and a chance to see our loved ones. Can't something be done about this? I think the six-year enlistment should be outlawed, retroactive to 1940.

—G. I. HAINES, CEM

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

Jap Atrocities

Dear YANK:

We would like to know just what the hell is the matter with this country. Have we gone soft? Why should all these Japanese atrocities go unpunished? You can bet your life that if the tables were turned, they wouldn't be so easy with us. We have been reading about all these things and some of us have relatives in some of these prison camps.

Let's have a look at the way we treated their prisoners. Even when we knew how they were treating ours, we gave them good food, good quarters, good living conditions.

What we want to know is, who the hell won this war?

Maxton, N. C. —The BOYS OF BKS. 620

Dog Robbers

Dear YANK:

Before I want any young lads forced into the Army I would like to see the Army clean its own house. The Army can save manpower by doing away with orderlies for officers and separate KPs for officers' mess. I estimate the manpower saving at 850,000 men. Am I close? With this type of Army I would even vote for compulsory military training—but not before the Army changes.

Britain —S/Sgt. H. R. PALLOT

Voice from Occupationland

Dear YANK:

I have just read the article in which General Eisenhower states that length of the [individual's] term of occupation depends upon the Germans. Why?

In the United States there are millions of men between the ages of 18 and 45 (occupation is not strenuous) who have never been in the Army. Why is not our term of occupation dependent upon the length of time it takes to get some of them over here and us home? I don't get it.

France —Pfc. WARREN Y. FRANCIS

Field Commission

Dear YANK:

As a second looey, I have, believe it or not, a legitimate bitch to offer—and I hope every GI in the Army gets a chance to see it.

You see, I have been commissioned only since March of this year and was wounded in the right arm two weeks later. I went into Normandy as a pfc on D-plus-1 (June 7th) and fought with the 2d Division all the way to the other side of the Rhine, giving me a total of five combat stars. But what happens when I try to wear them, together with my Bronze Star, Purple Heart and Combat Infantry Badge? Just this. There is an immediate and heated reaction among the EM patients, some of which I cannot help but overhear, in which I am branded as a cheat and a liar, a "shavetail who fought the war at the nearest Army store selling combat decorations," and other very uncomplimentary remarks. Now I ask you, is this fair to me?

Naturally, I can see the soldier's viewpoint. It is difficult for him to realize that a second lieutenant could conceivably have earned five combat stars in the Infantry, particularly when, generally, a second looey becomes a first after 30 days on the field. If I were a first, or even a private, my decorations would occasion little attention but, as I said, I was hit about two weeks after my field commission.

I seems to me the Army would do a good thing if it were to authorize a special emblem of some sort for the field-commissioned officers to wear so that any doubts which another may have regarding that officer's status would be immediately alleviated just by looking. It's pretty tough, after fighting nine-and-a-half months, to be taken for a faker.

Tuscaloosa, Ala. —A 2d DIVISION 2d LOOEY

Strictly GI

Field Jackets Okay. Field jackets have been authorized for wear outside the limits of Stateside posts, camps and stations. Previously, men who wore the field jacket away from camps were ruled out-of-uniform. The change, the WD said, resulted from the return of large numbers of men from theaters where the field jacket is authorized for general wear.

Prewar Jobs. Selective Service Headquarters announced that veterans returning to their prewar jobs are not required to meet higher standards than were in effect at the time they entered the service. Selective Service ruled: "If the position has been so changed in job content that it is beyond the veteran's skill, he is entitled to a job requiring skill comparable to that required by the position which he held at the time he left and equal in seniority, status and pay to that which he vacated."

German Scientists in U. S. German scientists and technical experts are being brought to the U. S. on a voluntary and temporary basis, to continue, under War Department supervision, any important research they may have been doing. The scientists are being picked from fields in which German progress was significant and in which these experts played a dominant role. The WD stresses that they are being "carefully selected" and that their research work will be linked to "national security."

Pensions. Disabled veterans will receive increased pensions up to a maximum of $300 a month under a law recently signed by the President. The law provides, for example, for an increase of $35 per month for veterans who lost one foot or one hand or who are blind in one eye. Full details will be found in Public Law 182—79th Congress.

OCS. Candidates for OCS must henceforth agree to remain in service for at least one year after graduation, the WD announced. Candidates already enrolled in school, however, may request discharge if they are eligible or may complete the course and then request discharge. OCS applications are still being accepted for the following schools: AAF, Armored, Chemical Warfare, Field Artillery, Engineers, Finance, Infantry, Judge Advocate General, Military Police, Ordnance, Quartermaster, Signal Corps and Transportation Corps.

New Drug. Streptomycin, used in treating infections that do not respond readily to penicillin, is now available in 30 Army hospitals in the States. Wider use of streptomycin, sister drug to penicillin, is handicapped by the fact that it is highly difficult to obtain; four companies producing it are able to turn out a total of only 14 ounces a month. A gram administered in three injections over a 24-hour period is the standard daily dose.

Shoe Stamps. Veterans may now obtain shoe ration stamps from any local War Price and Rationing Board in the U. S., the Office of Price Administration announced. Previously, veterans had to apply to their home boards for the two shoe stamps they are entitled to upon discharge.

Vivian Austin
YANK
Pin-up Girl

GI Questions And Answers

By Sgt. MAX NOVACK
YANK Staff Writer

UNLIKE some other sections of the GI Bill of Rights, the unemployment compensation provisions of the law are comparatively unknown to the average GI. In this next-to-last page dealing with the GI Bill of Rights (a page on the housing loan provisions will be coming up soon), YANK passes on the most frequently asked questions about unemployment payments—plus the answers.

I am a married man with three children. If I should apply for the unemployment compensation, how much money would I get each week? Is it true that each of my kids rate $10 a week?

■ A veteran may receive a maximum of $20 a week if he is completely unemployed. If the veteran has any income over $3 a week, he gets the difference between what he earns and $23 a week. The number of his dependents has no bearing on the amount of money a veteran gets.

For how long a period of time can a vete an collect these weekly payments if he is out of work? One man says two years, another five years. Which is right?

■ They are both wrong. The maximum length of time during which such payments will be made is 52 full weeks. No veteran may get more than that.

I had six months of service before I was discharged. Now my job looks like it will fold. For how long a period of time will I collect the unemployment compensation and how is the time figured?

■ To make sure that nearly every veteran may get almost six months of unemployment protection, the law provides that each of the first three months of service shall count for eight full weeks of unemployment compensation. Thus, a veteran with only three months of service can get 24 full weeks of unemployment compensation. From that point on, each additional month of service is worth four full weeks of protection. Therefore, a veteran with ten or more months of service can get the maximum of 52 full weeks of unemployment compensation. Since you had six months of service, you are entitled to 36 weeks of protection.

Both my wife and I are in service. Are we both entitled to the unemployment benefits of the GI Bill of Rights? Or may only one of us apply for the benefits at a time?

■ You are both entitled to the unemployment payments. The weekly payments are paid to veterans as individuals and have nothing to do with their marital status. If you are both out of a job at the same time, you may each draw $20 a week.

THIS shapely lady got into the movies by kissing somebody underwater. It was for a billboard ad promoting swim suits, and a movie executive more interested in shapes than suits got her a contract when he saw it. Vivian Austin is 22, has blue eyes and auburn hair, weighs 110 pounds, is 5 feet 4 inches in height. Her new Universal film is "Men In Her Diary."

After I get out of service, I plan to go to Brazil and look over some business ventures. If I should go broke down there and cannot find a job, will I be able to get the $20 a week just as if I were in the States?

■ You will not. To be eligible for the unemployment compensation, a veteran must live in the United States. If a veteran lives in a foreign country, he cannot get in on this benefit.

I am running my own business and I would like to know if I am entitled to unemployment compensation if I deduct my personal expenses in figuring how much my business earned during a given month? If I can count those expenses in, I will be in a position to claim I didn't make $100. If I cannot, then I will be just over the $100 mark. May I do that?

■ You may not. A veteran may not deduct either personal or family expenditures from his business income in order to arrive at a figure that will make him eligible for the unemployment compensation.

The state employment agency sent me out on a job and when I got there I discovered the plant was on strike. Naturally, I wouldn't take the job. What I would like to know is this. Does a veteran have to take a job under such conditions or forfeit his right to the unemployment compensation?

■ A veteran does not have to take a job which is open as the result of a strike, lockout, or other labor dispute. A veteran's refusal to accept employment under such conditions will not count against him so far as the unemployment compensation is concerned.

I am now receiving a pension from the Veterans' Administration because of a leg wound received at Salerno. If I should be out of work, will the fact that I have a pension coming in regularly bar me from the unemployment compensation payments every other veteran of World War II can get?

■ It will not. Money received via a pension from the Veterans' Administration does not count as income against the $20 a week in unemployment compensation.

When I get out of service I intend to go into business for myself with the help of a GI loan. Is it true that a veteran can count on unemployment compensation even if he is in business for himself? How does the unemployment compensation deal work for self-employed veterans?

■ You are correct in saying that veterans in business for themselves receive unemployment payments under certain conditions. To be eligible for the unemployment compensation, the veteran-businessman must have earned less than $100 in the calendar month prior to application for the payments. In such a case, the veteran receives the difference between what he earned from his business and $100. If the veteran's business earned nothing over and above its normal operating expenses, the veteran receives the full $100.

I intend to go to school under the GI Bill of Rights as soon as I am discharged. If I cannot get by on the $50-a-month subsistence allowance and cannot get a job while I am at school, will I receive the unemployment compensation?

■ No, you will not. A veteran may not draw both a subsistence allowance and unemployment compensation.

I filed an application for unemployment compensation. The application was approved and then I took sick and spent four weeks in a hospital. Naturally, I could not go out on jobs which the state employment agency notified me about. Am I entitled to the $20 a week for the time I was in the hospital?

■ You are. Since you became ill after you filed your claim, your illness does not affect your right to the money. Show your state agency a certificate from the doctor who treated you and you will get the payments for the four weeks.

I am sure that there must be some rules that a veteran has to abide by in order to get in on the unemployment compensation. Will you please tell me what they are?

■ In addition to living within the United States, a veteran must register and report to a state public employment agency, must be able to work and be available for suitable employment. Of course, he must be completely unemployed, or if partially unemployed, he must be earning less than $23 a week.

How soon after a veteran gets his discharge must he apply for the unemployment protection to be sure of getting it? I am assuming, of course, that the veteran is out of luck and cannot find a job. When is the last date when a veteran can apply?

■ A veteran must apply for these benefits not later than two years after his discharge or the end of the war, whichever is later. Since the official date for the end of the war has not as yet been set by Congress or the President, a veteran still has plenty of time within which to apply.

I am a union man and from what I have been reading about the increased cost of living I can see why there have been so many strikes. What happens if a veteran goes on strike under such conditions? Does he get the unemployment protection?

■ He does not. A veteran who is out of work because he is participating in a strike or labor dispute causing a stoppage of work will not receive unemployment compensation.

What is to stop a veteran from chiseling on the deal by leaving a job on his own hook to live on the $20 a week he can get in unemployment compensation?

■ Nothing will stop him from quitting a job if he wants to, but if he leaves suitable work voluntarily and without good cause, he will not get the unemployment payments.

When I get home, I intend to take over my father's farm and run it. Dad is old now and he expects to make me a present of the whole setup. I know that it will take six to eight months to bring my first crop in and I am wondering if I can get in on the unemployment compensation during that time. Is there any way a farmer can get in on the unemployment payments?

■ There is. A farmer is considered to be a man in business for himself for the purpose of receiving unemployment payments. As such, he may collect as much as $100 a month if he has no income over and above his normal operating expenses during a given month. In many cases, this means that a farmer just starting out will get the full $100 until his first crop pays off.

The Wooden Gun

YANK FICTION

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

I CAN'T stop wondering about Fred Weer. On the unit records he is listed as "missing," but that doesn't begin to tell how he vanished from our Aleutian island a few weeks ago. Although the war was over, you could say, in a way, that he was missing in action. At least it was action to him.

"Get older fatigues," he told Cavanaugh last May, when he first got the dummy detail. "We don't want our men to look like recruits!"

"You're the boss, corporal," Cavanaugh said, "but let's don't get worked up about it. They never bother with damfoolishness like this until all the danger is over. This island is gettin' too damn safe!"

"That boy Weer," Cavanaugh told us next day, "is gettin' definitely loose. He's puttin' GI shoes on them dummies now."

Weer was always a quiet boy. He wasn't the type for Aleutian-island duty. We worried about him long before he disappeared. We were watching him even before the captain refused to let him keep on making dummies. Until Weer got the dummy detail, he had no interests in life at all, but he took to the straw men with wild enthusiasm. And he did a good job.

"You guys oughta see that outfit on the cliff," Cavanaugh kept telling us for weeks after that, as Weer kept improving the dummy gun emplacement. "It'll give you the willies!"

It gave us the willies all right, every night. The shortest path to our new movie hut was up along the cliff past Weer's gun crew. After the show, we passed the sandbagged circle, with the four dummies standing inside it. Two of them stood beside the wooden gun. A third figure peered into a fake director, and the fourth stood beside a pile of phony ammunition.

They were well-made men, in neat denim fatigues, with blue fatigue hats safety-pinned to their heads. They stood stiffly erect. On their burlap faces, in the moonlight, there was always a look of grim devotion to duty which would do credit to a living gun crew. At night we always walked a little faster past Weer's detachment of dummy gunners.

For weeks he kept puttering around that gun position, working on it at night and Sundays, fixing it up. He persuaded the captain to let him build others. And then, suddenly, the Japs gave up.

We had as much of a celebration as you can, without any liquor or women. But Weer didn't celebrate. He lay on his bunk, face down, all VJ afternoon and night.

"All busted up," Cavanaugh explained, "because we won't need any more dummies now. Can you imagine that?"

Next morning Weer shuffled into the captain's office. "Sir," he said, "I'm ready to start work on those other gun positions."

"Forget it," snapped the captain. "The war's over now. I've got something important for you to do. We need walks built from the mess hall to the main area."

For two days Weer and Cavanaugh built walks. Then Weer came back to the orderly-room hut.

"Well, sir, the walks are finished now. I wonder if I could draw some camouflage netting from supply?"

The captain stared at Weer. The thin corporal had his sharp shoulders pulled high, and his round red head, almost a perfect ball, was inclined forward eagerly. He had a way of grinning painfully, without mirth, and he often sucked air suddenly between his teeth, as if to dislodge a piece of food.

"Camouflage netting? What for?"

"Well, for the gun emplacement up on the cliff, sir."

"Are you talking about those dummies up there? You mean you want to camouflage that wooden gun?"

Weer flushed, and his blank grin appeared for an instant. His forehead wrinkled.

"Well, yessir. It's on the edge of that cliff, in a very exposed position—"

"Corporal, are you trying to be funny? With the war over now, that dummy layout is useless. And if it *were* any use, it would be to *draw* enemy fire. We wouldn't camouflage it, we certainly wouldn't waste camouflage on those scarecrows!"

"Those aren't scarecrows!" Weer declared loudly. All of us in the orderly room held our breath. "And even if the war is over, they're useful. A Jap suicide squadron might come here. And those aren't dummies. For your information—sir—that's a simulated gun emplacement, anti-aircraft. That's what the manuals call it. You said you wanted more of them built—"

"For *your* information, corporal, you're going to build a simulated public rest room in back of this hut. That should take you and Cavanaugh about three days."

The captain's voice was level and deadly. Even the wild-eyed Weer knew enough to get out.

ON our way to the movie a few nights later, just about dusk, we came up the ridge, and suddenly we stopped. Inside the sandbag circle of the dummy gun position something moved.

It was Weer. He was patting the dummies back into shape. In rainy weather the straw stuffing got heavy, and it sagged, leaving the dummy shoulders thin and filling up their bellies.

We hurried past without a word. The only sound was the heavy pounding of the Bering Sea against the foot of the cliff far below.

"He's definitely loose!" Cavanaugh whispered. "He's always fixing the damn thing up. They better get him out of here soon, or else they better let him build more of them things—but I don't want no part of that job myself—or he'll go definitely weird!"

Next day Weer was in the orderly room again. "Omygawd!" groaned the first sergeant when he saw him coming. The sergeant was the only one who ever kidded Weer about his dummies.

"Say, corpril," he said, "I need a couple men for honey-wagon detail today. Could you spare me two of your outfit on the cliff?"

Weer grinned painfully. "Well, I wish to speak to the captain," he said.

He manipulated his wide mouth and his toothpick disappeared. When he finished speaking to the captain the toothpick would appear again, dry and intact.

"Well, sir, I've finished the latrine. I wonder if I could have the captain's permission to draw an old set of fatigues?"

The captain screwed the cap on his fountain pen and laid it carefully on his desk. "Certainly, if you really need them. Don't you have the usual issue?"

"Well, yessir. This is for my—well, for the gun crew. We need to have another man up there. It doesn't look right, the way it is now, two at the gun, one at the director, and one at the ammunition dump. There should be a fifth man, supervising—"

"Are you talking about those dummies again?"

Weer flushed, grinned painfully, and ducked his round head.

"Corporal, now you listen to me. I've heard enough about that dummy outfit, understand? If I hear any more I'll have it torn down!"

Weer gasped. He backed toward the door. "Sir," he said, "if I find the material myself, and build it in my off-duty time?" Before the captain could answer, Weer had stumbled out backwards.

Weer didn't eat evening chow. It was after dark when he showed up in the hut, humming to himself and sucking air between his teeth.

"Seems happy tonight," Cavanaugh whispered. "Don't look now, but he's got baling wire and pliers, over there on his sack, and he's makin' a couple of firing sights for that damn wooden gun!"

THAT night a roaring wind rattled the hut, and gusts of icy rain whipped against it. Just before midnight there were several explosions, somebody drunk and firing some small guns just for the hell of it. Weer leaped to his feet.

"What's that?" he said. "Could that be Japs? I gotta go up there!"

Somebody tried to grab him, but he twisted free and went running out into the night.

"The hell with him," Cavanaugh said. "I'm not going to chase him on a night like this."

He didn't come back. We organized a search party about an hour later, and followed the beam of Cavanaugh's flashlight up the path to the cliff.

"That guy was loose enough to go runnin' up here when he heard that gunfire," Cavanaugh said.

The rain came at us in horizontal gusts that stung our faces like hail. Soon, against the dark sky, we could make out two of the dummies standing by the wooden gun, their soaked fatigue hats blowing wildly in the wind. Rain glittered in the flashlight beam. We could see raindrops bouncing from the dummies' backs when Cavanaugh lighted them.

"Nothing here." We looked for footprints at the edge of the cliff, but it was hard to tell in the muck at night.

"If he fell over here," Cavanaugh said, "the tide may have carried him around the point and out to sea."

We started down. "Wait a minute!" Cavanaugh yelled. "Jeez," he said, almost whispering, "take a look at that!"

He pointed with his flashlight beam. At one side of the emplacement, against sandbags, stood a new dummy figure in rain-soaked fatigues. One dripping arm was outstretched stiffly in command of the ghostly guncrew. Its blank burlap face stared fixedly at the work of the other four dummies.

"Five!" whispered Cavanaugh. "There are five of them now!"

The wind whooped and flung rain in our faces. "Do you suppose he could've built that new one at chow time tonight?"

Somebody muttered "guess so" without conviction. Cavanaugh hastily swung his beam to the path, and we rushed back down to the lighted hut.

We searched for a week, but we never found a trace. The dummy crew of five is still up there on the cliff—at least I think it is. We've changed our path. It doesn't pass there any more.

Sports: The Army Team

By Sgt. FRANK DeBLOIS

THIS report on Army football from 1890 to 1945 is submitted in the modest hope that the writer can chisel a ticket to the Army-Navy game in Philadelphia on December 1. That game will be the 46th blood-letting between the two teams and will conclude Army's 56th year of intercollegiate football warfare. Tickets are as hard to get as a three-day pass.

The traditional rivalry between Army and Navy began on November 29, 1890, in a cow pasture behind Flirtation Walk, when 11 Army men, coached by D. M. Mitchie, Class of '92, played their first organized game of "boot-ball," losing to Navy, 24 to 0. In the succeeding 55 years, Army played 465 more games of "boot-ball," winning 318, losing 115 and tying 32, a highly respectable average.

These figures don't include the record of the 1945 team, which may be chalked up as Army's best. After the Navy game, you can get a better briefing on that.

In 55 years of competition, only four teams—Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Notre Dame—have won more games from Army than Army has taken from them. Army has had five undefeated teams to date—in 1914, 1916, 1918, 1922 and 1944—and several others which were undefeated save for a clipping from Yale or Notre Dame, two competitors with whom the Mule has had plenty of trouble. Army has won only 6 of 31 games with Notre Dame and only 11 of 39 from Yale. On the other hand, in 45 games with Navy, Army won 23 and tied 3.

Undismayed by its unhappy beginning in 1890, Army signed up for a six-game schedule the following year. The Mule won four of the six, beating Navy, tying the Princeton Reserves and losing only to Rutgers, a powerhouse team in those days.

Yale and Princeton, kingpins of early American football, consented to play Army in 1893, and both punched the Mule full of holes. The following year, Army signed a Yale man, H. S. Graves, as head coach, but his teams never could beat old Eli. In fact, Army had to wait until 1904 before a Mule eleven could top the Bulldog, 11 to 6, in the mud at New Haven.

From this point on, however, Army football was strictly big league. The Cadets' first undefeated team—in 1914—met and stopped nine opponents, including Holy Cross, Colgate, Villanova, Notre Dame and Navy. It was coached by Charlie Daley and included in its lineup General Eisenhower and General Bradley.

The Army-Notre Dame rivalry, which has become a favorite of nearly everyone, began in 1913 when Jess Harper led his undefeated but unknown Irish into Mitchie Stadium to give Army a 35-to-13 plastering and unveil a new football weapon—the forward pass. The pass, as thrown by Gus Dorais, Notre Dame quarterback and caught by Knute Kenneth Rockne, Notre Dame left end, revolutionized the game overnight and made Notre Dame's Fighting Irish the most popular football team in the land.

In 1916, Army had another unbeaten team, walloping nine opponents, including Villanova (69 to 7), Trinity (53 to 0), Notre Dame (30 to 10) and Navy (15 to 7). The 1918 team, captained by the great Elmer Oliphant, played only one game, against Mitchel Field, and won it, 20 to 0, and the 1922 team, considered by many to be Army's greatest, played ten tough games, winning eight, losing none and tying Yale (7-7) and Notre Dame (0-0).

In 1924, an Army team led by Ed Garbisch, one of the best centers who ever bent over a ball, had an enviable unbeaten record as it came into the Notre Dame game. Notre Dame was also undefeated, and gassed up by its famous Four Horsemen.

WHAT followed was the most thrilling game of the entire Irish-Army series. Notre Dame won it, 13 to 7, driving Grantland Rice into the following lyrical outburst:

"Outlined against a gray-blue October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore, they are known as Famine, Pestilence, Destruction and Death. These are only aliases. Their real names are Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden."

Their dream of an unbeaten season having been spoiled completely by the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, the Army went on at something less than its pre-Irish pace to beat Navy and tie Yale (undefeated that year) and Columbia. In 1926, 1930 and 1933 Notre Dame again ruined unblemished records for the Mule. But last year the Army gained a measure of vengeance by hanging a 59-to-0 defeat on South Bend, the worst shellacking in the series.

Army's worst team—without a doubt—was the 1940 outfit, which beat Williams by one point, tied Harvard, and lost on consecutive Saturdays to Cornell, Lafayette, Notre Dame, Brown, Penn, Princeton and Navy.

This sorry season led to a complete revamping of the athletic setup at West Point. Earl Blaik was brought in from Dartmouth as head coach. Andy Gustafson came in to coach the backs, Stu Holcomb took over the ends, and Herman Hickman, the fattest (300 lbs.) coach in history, took charge of the line. They soon began to get results.

In 1941, the jarred-up Mule beat Yale, tied unbeaten Notre Dame and lost to Harvard, Penn and Navy. In '42 and '43 Army beat everyone but Navy and Notre Dame, and last year's Army team went all out and knocked everyone as flat as a first sergeant's head.

This team was led by Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard, football's biggest left-hook and right-cross combination of the century, and a couple of fellows who are good enough to sit with Elmer Oliphant, Red Cagle, Monk Meyer and Light-Horse Harry Wilson, up in the front row among the Army's great backs of all time.

Davis scored 20 touchdowns last year, an all-time record for Army, and Doc Blanchard, who isn't quite as elfish as Davis, punted 60 yards at a clip, kicked off into the end zone, threw and caught passes, blocked better than any other back in the business and ran like a kudu. He and Davis led Army to nine straight wins, including an 83-0 romp over Villanova, a 59-0 win over Notre Dame, a 62-7 win over Penn and a 23-7 verdict over Navy. The Mule lived up to the pre-season dope, which had predicted a steam-roller invincibility.

Davis and Blanchard are on this year's Army team, too, and so is DeWitt Coulter, the big land mine in the line. But missing from the fold are a variety of other stars such as Doug Kenna, the T-formation quarterback, Dale Hall and Max Minor, the blistering broken-field runners, Tom Lombardo, captain of the '44 team, and Bob St. Onge, All-American center. These fellows were useful when you wanted a head pushed in.

To replace them, Army has Bob Chabot, a halfback who saw little service last year; Dick Walterhouse, the extra-point specialist; Shorty McWilliams, a speed boy from Mississippi State, and Arnold Tucker, T-formation passer, who has moved in for Kenna at quarterback. Right now, the backfield looks as good as last year's. But the Navy game will give you more of a line on that.

To end this report with a glance at the future, we predict: It looks good.

The Army's star back, Felix Blanchard, making a ten-yard gain against the Michigan Wolverines at Yankee Stadium.

TOUSTER on Poker

GI Sportsmen Pictured by Cpl. Irvin Touster

"KIBITZER"

"PEEK-A-BOO"

"CARD SHARP"

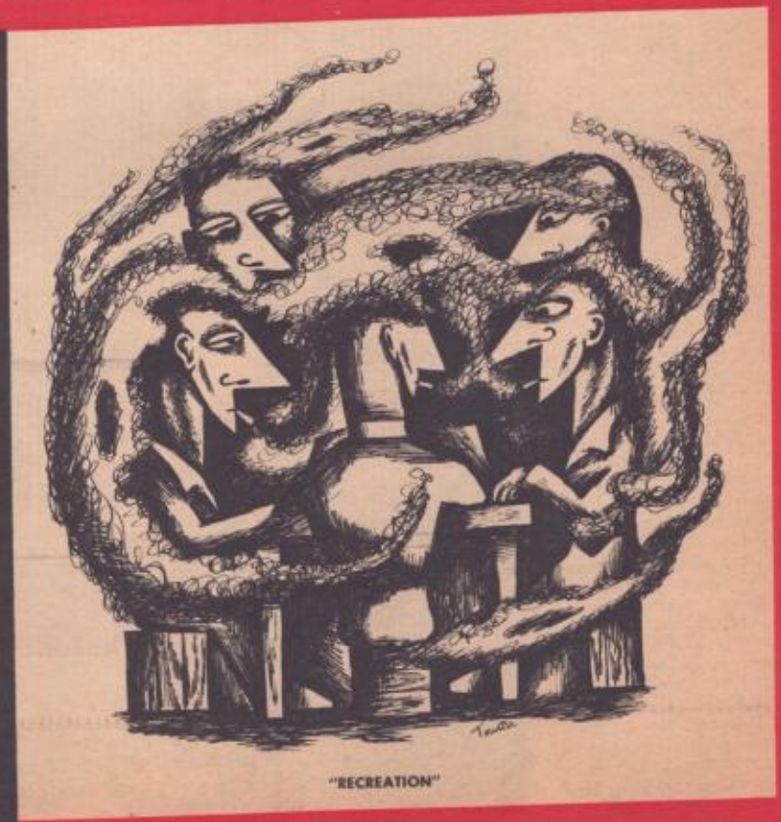
"CLOSE-TO-THE-CHEST"

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

No more Subscriptions

The end of 1945 will see the end of YANK. For this reason it will be impossible to accept any further subscriptions to the magazine. All subscription money received after Nov. 1, 1945, is being returned to the senders.

YANK subscribers who are caught short with unexpired subscriptions by our closing date will be repaid according to the number of issues they miss. Checks will be mailed to cover all such unexpired subscriptions, both domestic and overseas, to the addresses at which subscribers are listed on our records of Nov. 1, 1945.



"RECREATION"